THE CENTRE REPORTER.

FRED. KURTZ, Editor and Proprietor. TERMS: $2.00 a Year, in Advance.

VOLUME X. CENTRE HALL, CENTRE CO., PA., THURSDAY, AUGUST 23, 1877. NUMBER 30.

Parting.

If thou dost bid thy friend farewell,
But for one night though that farewell may be,
Press thou his hand in thine.
How canst thou tell how far from thee
Fate or caprice may lead his steps ere that to-morrow comes?
Men have been known to lightly turn the corner of a street,
And days have grown to months,
And months to longing years, ere they have looked in loving eyes again.
Parting, at best, is underlaid
With tears and pain.
Therefore, lest sudden death should come between,
Or time, or distance—clasp with pressure firm the hand
Of him who goeth forth;
Unseen, Fate goeth, too.
Yea, find thou always time to say some earnest word,
Between the idle talk, lest with thee henceforth,
Night and day, regret should walk.
—*Coventry Patmore.*

Time to Me.

Time to me this truth hath taught—
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing;
More offend for want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.

If advice we would convey,
There's a time we should convey it;
If we've but a word to say,
There's a time in which to say it.

Many a beauteous flower decays,
Though we tend it e'er so much;
Something secret on it preys,
Which no human aid can touch.

So in many a loving breast
Lies some cancer grief concealed,
That if touch'd is more oppress'd—
Left unto itself, is healed.

Oft, unknowingly, the tongue
Touches on a chord so aching
That a word or accent wrong,
Pains the heart to almost breaking.

Many a tear of wounded pride,
Many a fault of human blindness,
Has been soothed or turned aside
By a quiet voice of kindness.

Time to me this truth has taught—
'Tis a truth that's worth revealing:
More offend for want of thought
Than from any want of feeling.

THE LION TAMER.

"That lioness will be the death of you yet, Joe."

"Pshaw!" and Joe Amberly, "the lion tamer" of a large traveling circus, laughed at the predictions of his assistant.

"You may laugh as much as you please; but some day you will find I am right, and that to your sorrow, though then it will be too late."

"I have performed with all the animals for some years, and never had any difficulty."

"You forget the one at Longtown."

"That didn't amount to much. I soon brought them to subjection."

"But the trouble commenced with this same lioness."

"Yes, though it wouldn't have been so bad if those cats of hunting leopards had not set up a yell, and drawn the black tiger into the affray."

"She has a bad temper when it is up—is the most treacherous beast I ever fed or had anything to do with. I have been watching her close for a couple of days," continued the assistant, "and know she is mighty cross grained. So, depend upon it, you are going to have trouble."

"I don't see why more than at any other time."

"There are times—and you know it, if you will only reflect—and this is one of them. If I was in your place, I wouldn't try to show off to-day with any extras, but just give a common performance, and get out of the cage as quick as I could."

"You know what we advertise, and what a crowd has gathered."

"Yes,"—with a langh; "and I know we never have or do one half there is in the bills. Paper is cheap, Joe, but human life is precious. Think how poorly off you would leave your wife and child if anything should happen to you, and what would become of your wife if anything should happen to the child?"

"Do not mention it!"

The man who had handled and tamed and toyed with the savage beasts as if they had been harmless kittens, groaned aloud at the thought. A man of the most ardent, even passionate nature, he bowed down in worship to his wife and little girl. And that day it had been advertised that he would take his child and a pail of blood into the cage with him.

It was a very daring, foolhardy project at the best; but how much more so when the beasts were doubly savage and out of temper—when the slightest thing might arouse them to all their pristine fury, and the fierce blood of the wilderness assert itself in all its tempestuous wrath.

But the husbandly and fatherly emotion was soon conquered. The habit of years and his natural strength gave him self-reliance; and it would take more than idle words to turn him from his purpose, no matter how dangerous it might appear to others.

The old lion in the cage, though a monster in size, was inoffensive, tame and obedient. In the language of the keepers, he was "good for nothing but to make a show and sit back in the corner, grind his teeth and growl." Besides, he was his friend, and upon more than one occasion he had acted the part of a peacemaker. The leopards—a pair of spotted cheetahs—were scarcely to be taken into consideration. The black tiger, the most rare and strikingly beautiful animal in any collection, was ordinarily quiet, though when fully aroused not to be trifled with.

But the lioness was the especial one to be watched. She was a beast of uncommon power, with massive arms, long curving claws, lithe and nervous as a serpent, teeth sharp as needles, fierile, treacherous, smooth, tawny skin and yellow eyes that flashed fiercely. Never, even in her best moods, had she been submissive, and her mildest play was rough in the extreme.

The lion tamer turned from his companion to go and dress for his attractive but dangerous performance; but before doing so, he visited the double cage, and made a critical examination of the beasts, who any instant might be to him as fate. There was nothing to especially awaken fear; and, half vexed with himself for having been needlessly disturbed, he passed from the great canvas into a smaller compartment, and found his wife and child waiting for him—the one a young and beautiful woman, and the other a very fairy of a child, whose hair hung down upon her back, as the brightest and finest of spun silk.

"I am sorry, Joe," said the wife and mother, as her husband entered, "that *you have consented to so foolish a performance* as the one advertised for to-day."

"Why, May?" and he looked most earnestly at her.

"*Because the ordinary performance is* hazardous enough."

"Then you think this more so?"

"I don't know that it is," she replied, *having the utmost confidence in her* husband's ability; "but somehow I don't altogether fancy having Inez taken into the cage."

"*You know my reason for consenting,* and that it would never have been given had your assent not been first obtained."

"Certainly, and it was very good of you, Joe."

"That it was promised on account of my salary being raised."

"Yes."

"And that it was to secure the raise of salary, so as the sooner to accumulate enough to buy a little home against the rainy days that might come."

"Yes, my dear Joe; but"—with a smile—"had not pride something to do with it? That's the curse of the profession. Each one is always trying to outdo the other—running risks on that account they would not otherwise attempt."

"Well, May, I only gave my promise to do the act once, but even now will give it up if you say the word. I had rather disappoint all the managers and be called a coward by all the rabble in the world, than cause your heart to beat with fear, or to bring tears into your eyes."

"No, no, Joe. Don't think I have lost confidence and pride in you. No, don't think of giving it up. I suppose I am foolishly nervous. But you will be careful, and not run any unnecessary risk?"

"My own heart would have to be torn out before anything should happen to our darling;" and he stooped, raised the child, tossed her up, caught, kissed her, and hugged her to his bosom.

"But yourself, Joe?"

"Oh, I'll look out for number one."

The conversation did not tend to ease his mind, and before dressing he went out and held another conversation with his particular attendant, and took another look into the performing cage.

The animals were more quiet than when he had seen them previously; the lioness especially appeared in a playful mood, and with something of the load lifted from his heart he returned, with but little time remaining before he would be called upon to prove his right to the proud title of Lion Tamer.

And every inch he looked one as he stepped in view of the densely crowded assembly. Gorgeous in his new costume, and with a look of calmness and determination upon his face—looked, with his tall and sinewy form, fit to grapple with and overcome the fiercest beasts that ever prowled amid the jungles of Asia and Africa, and made night terrible with their roaring.

A burst of applause—a perfect tempest of huzzas and clapping of hands—greeted him as he swung his little girl, dressed in silver tissue, and with the gossamer wings and tiara of sparkling jewels around her golden curls, that represent the traditional fairy, upon his shoulders. While looking at his stalwart proportions, the men thought what a dangerous antagonist he would be, and the young mothers shuddered at so beautiful a child being taken into a den of savage animals.

With a graceful bow and the dignity of a Roman conqueror, the lion tamer strode through the circle, disappeared behind the cage, and with such rapidity as to astonish the audience, stood within the compartment where the huge lion was lying and the agile leopards leaping about, and had placed his child between the claws of the greater brute, and she was playfully toying with its shaggy mane.

For a time he made the leopards leap about him as kittens, jumping from corner to corner, resting upon his broad shoulders, bounding lightly over the extended whip. Then he gave his attention to the mother lion, opened her immense jaws, placed his arm and thrust his head between them, raised his fairy-like child upon its back, and made it march around with her. Then he prepared to throw the two cages into one.

"Let Inez come out now," whispered the attendant, uneasily. "You have enough already to keep your promise, and the audience won't know the difference."

"No, I will go through. Mind what I told you, and have things ready in case there should be trouble, though I don't fancy any." Then he continued aloud, and so as to be plainly heard by everyone: "Hand me the pail of blood."

A cold shiver, a supernatural awe appeared to pass through the frame of all as the vessel, dripping with crimson drops, was given to him, and more than one asked themselves if the man was mad to thus not only risk his own life, but that of his beautiful child. And when he loosened and thrust as de the partition, and the fierce lioness and sleek tiger came bounding in, their breath was absolutely suspended, and their hearts momentarily ceased to beat.

"Down!"

The tiger obeyed, and the foot of the lion tamer was upon his neck.

"Up!"

And the leopards were purring like great cats upon his shoulders, while the lioness lay crouched with her tawny paws thrust through the bars and growling severely.

"For mercy's sake let her alone," whispered his attendant, "and mind not kick over that pail. If the blood should be spilled, it would be all over with you both. All the men in the world couldn't save you."

"Stand ready, but keep still. The brute shall mind."

His child was sitting on the back of the lion, and smiling in that den of horrors. Her confidence in her father was sublime—was as perfect as her love. She never dreamt of fear when he was near to protect, and while the lookers-on shuddered, she innocently deemed it a pleasant pastime.

"Down!"

The leopards leaped to either corner and crouched down.

"Come!"

The lioness grumblingly arose, crawled suddenly to his feet, rose and laid her great claws upon his shoulder, making him swerve with her weight, and raising her terrible head upon a level with his own. Slowly and slowly they turned round as if waltzing, the low mutterings of the beast becoming more plainly audible every moment, and her yellow, feline eyes snapping with hidden fires.

With an amazing exhibition of strength he wrestled with tripped and threw her from him, and the canvas tent rang again. But instantly she was upon her feet, lashing her sides with her prehensile tail, drawing back her lips so as to show her teeth, and uttering the deepest and fiercest growls.

"For the love of mercy, hand out your child, Joe," said his attendant.

"Wait a moment. I shall be done very quickly."

The crowning feat was yet to come. It was one upon which he had bestowed much time and upon which he prided himself—was a tableau of wild beasts, with manhood and childish beauty for the central attraction.

He stepped to the corner, led the monster lion forth into the center of the cage, made him lie down, placed the *little girl upon him, and stood astride.* Then a shrill whistle brought the cheetah leopards bounding upon his shoulders and standing up with paws crossed above his head, and the black tiger erect *upon his left, and throttled with his* hand. But the lioness failed to do his bidding and take her place upon his right. She lay in the act of springing, and at but a little distance.

"Come."

There was no movement, and the whip was raised and fell heavily upon her head. *That was all that was needed to* awaken her latent ire, and with a roar like that given in her native forest, she sprang with almost resistless force toward him. A sharp, stinging blow on the bridge of the nose for a moment cowed her, and she might have been conquered, had she not partially fell upon and upset the pail and deluged the floor of the cage in blood!

Then all became the wildest commotion—the most terrible and savage sounds. Every beast sprung down, lapped the blood, and then turned upon him. Even the veteran lion appeared to forget the long years of training, and something of his young forest life blazed forth.

Amberly comprehended all in an instant, and the father triumphed over the actor. He snatched up the now terrified and screaming child, sprang with her to the door, thrust her into the hands of the watchful attendant, and would have followed, had not the lioness grappled and drawn him back, rending his shoulders with her sharp claws, and causing the blood to stream over his rich dress.

He was fighting against most desperate odds, knew it, backed into a corner, and called for his irons. One, red hot at the end, was handed to him, but at the first stroke the lioness sent it whirling, and her sharp teeth almost met for a moment his thigh.

"Hand me something sharp with which I can brain the brute!"

Everything upon which hands could be laid was thrust to him, but he failed to reach them, and the danger was becoming more and more imminent. The blood had been lapped up clean—all were mad with desire, the tiger and the leopards crouching upon him. Then the majesty of command asserted itself.

"Come, Samson."

The old lion came forward at the words, seemed to comprehend that something was wrong, thrust himself between his master and his raging mate, and, when she turned upon him, sent her rolling with a blow of his great paw.

The lion tamer might have escaped; but bleeding, wounded as he was, he would not retreat, and turned his attention to separating the now tangled mass of fighting animals. Picking up one leopard after another, he drew them into a further corner of the cage, dragging the tiger with the lioness clinging to it and tearing its glossy hide, thither, tore open its paws by main strength, hurled it back and shut the partition, turned, reeled to the door, fell upon it, and was dragged through to safety, even with the lioness rattling behind him as it was closing.

A few steps taken, and the lion tamer fell fainting by the side of his already insensible wife, who lay with her affrighted child hugged closely to her scarcely beating heart.

Then the silence that had been as death was broken by the most tumultuous shouts, and breath was drawn again, and half-fainting women and fear-palsied men felt as if a mountain had been lifted from their hearts.

Lame, torn and weak, the lion tamer entered the cage the next day before the most unprecedented crowd, it having been advertised that he would do so in his bloody clothes, but never again could he be tempted to take child or pail of blood behind the bars.

A Mistaken Diagnosis.

The other day, just as the sun had fairly settled himself in the meridian heavens and fixed up for a good run down to the Pacific slope, a solitary footman wended his way up Mechanic street toward Center, in Galveston, Texas. While crossing one of the intersecting streets the traveler was noticed to stagger, but, regaining his equilibrium, he moved onward, all unconscious of the interest that was centering itself in his welfare. He had hardly progressed the distance of half a block when he reeled, staggered and fell to the pavement. A large and deeply interested concourse of anxious spectators soon gathered about the prostrate form of the unfortunate man, and with one accord the multitude proclaimed his malady to be a clear case of sunstroke.

A solid wall of mortality was formed around the spot where the victim of the sun's fierce rays had fallen. Not a breath of air could penetrate the ranparts thus constructed, and not a zephyr that floated over the head of that highly edified assembly deigned to cast a pitying glance upon the palid face of the sufferer. By-and-bye others came to ascertain the cause of the unexpected gathering, and among them an old man with a huge proboscis and powerfully developed olfactory organs. He asked what was the matter with the afflicted man, and was told that he was suffering from sunstroke. He raised his nasal tube to the proper elevation and scented the air and then said: "Gentlemen, you are mistaken in your diagnosis. This thing (touching his nose) has never deceived me, and I make bold to assert that John Barleycorn is at the bottom of this trouble. Whether it is a fresh case or the continuation of an old spree, I am unable to say; but that he is drunk I will wager one of the prettiest sloops that ever glided over the waters of yonder bay against a pint of pickled peppers." An old tar who was present looked up into the venerable visage of the speaker and said: "Governor, your head is level yet," and then they moved the sick man into the shade.

A Benevolent Mocking Bird.

We find the following in the *Eagle*, of Reading, Pa.: Some time ago two robins mated and built a nest in one of the trees in Colonel Borbon's yard, South Fourth street. The fierce little sparrows interfered and the nest was destroyed. The sparrows then departed. The robins then built another nest, and in due course of time a brood of little young robins appeared. Hanging under a tree near by is a cage containing a mocking bird. Several days ago Col. Borbon passed through the yard and noticed the robins fly up against the mocking bird's cage, and the birds make a queer squeaking noise, creating the impression that they were fighting. Colonel Borbon at last thought so, but when he endeavored to chase the robins away from the cage the women folks of the house said they were not fighting, but, on the contrary, the mocking bird was feeding the robins, so that they would have plenty for their little brood in the nest. The matter was then inquired into, and it was found just as the women folks had represented. The robins fly up and hang to the wires of the mocking bird's cage; the bird inside hands out *all the dainty food provided for him,* consisting of crackers, grasshoppers, pieces of hard-boiled eggs and other food. The robins receive it in their mouths and fly to their nest. When the *robins come to the cage the mocking* bird makes a singular and unusual squawking noise, and then proceeds to share his food, unmindful of what his *own needs may be. The three big birds* and those in the nest are a happy family of domestic good-will, and their performances are extremely interesting and novel.

Spectacles in the French Army.

According to the *Temps* the military authorities of France have decided upon *issuing an order sanctioning the wearing* of spectacles by the officers and men of the French army. In Germany spectacles have long been worn by both officers *and men in the ranks. It is recog*nized as essential that an officer should be able to see his men, and that these latter should be able to clearly distinguish the target at which they have to fire; and therefore, unless spectacles or eye-glasses are permitted, every short-sighted man must be excluded from the army. Consequently by allowing a man to assist his defective vision by artificial means a large number of men who are at present necessarily rejected will become available for service in the ranks.

SAMMY'S SUGGESTION.—This conversation took place not long ago between a maid-servant and little Sammy, a Hartford baby, four years old, who was visiting his grandmother in the country: Servant—"Oh, Sammy, you bad child, you mustn't throw those cherry-stones on this nice new carpet; it will make grandma mad." Sammy(continuing his fun)—"Then muzzle her." (Maid goes off into a premonitory spasm).

TURKISH TROOPS.

The Zeibecks and Egyptians and the Difference between Them.

A Constantinople correspondent gives the following contrasting picture of two bodies of troops belonging to the Turkish army:

The arrival of the Zeibecks is the latest terror. There are about 2,000 of these wild mountaineers now in the city, and the mere sight of them is sufficient to frighten the peaceful citizens. Enlisted in the hill country back of Smyrna, they were brought here by steamer, on the way up amusing themselves by taking charge of the vessel, and using on one another the numerous arms they wear at their waistbelts. I passed about twenty of them—naturally on the opposite side of the street. A wildly picturesque set of cut throats they were as ever lived. Compared with them the stray Bashi-Bazouk sinks into insignificance. On their head is a fez of the reddest color, about twice the size of the fashionable one, ornamented with tremendous tassels and swathed with a bright scarf of silk. A heavy knotted fringe from this scarf drops down over evil counteuances, giving one a glimpse now and then of coal black eyes, as the owner thereof shakes his head in a lionish way to catch a glimpse of the wonders of the shop windows. On the body is a short zouave jacket, black or yellow, and underneath is wrapped, in many turns, a long wide sash, leaving the tawny neck and breast bare. The handles of numerous weapons—flint-lock pistols, scimeters, revolvers, yataghans—protrude from a hide belt, while a pair of black trousers, reaching half way to the knee, completes the costume of these savages, who have changed the trade of brigandage to that of legitimate (?) warfare. Happily they are to leave, after the presentation of a flag by the sultan, and the bestowal of a blessing by the Sheik-al-Islam, to say nothing of several outrages committed in the neighborhood of their camp.

In great contrast to the Zeibecks is the Egyptian contingent which passed through the Bosphorus not long since, on its way to the Black sea. I happened to be on board an American corvette—the Vandalia—when the nine steamers containing the troops passed between Scutari and Pera. As the transports rounded Leander's tower, the sailors were sent aloft in the cleanest of white suits, presenting a noted difference to their Turkish cousins, who invariably are clothed in piratical-looking jackets of dirty blue. Abreast of the imperial palace of Dolma-Baghtche the colors of Egypt were lowered in honor of the sultan, the regimental bands striking up the national anthem, while the battalions, in perfect military line, presented their highly-burnished American arms. Then the crews on the yard-arms gave a fierce hurrah for their "Padishah," which would have done credit to American sailors, and the fleet passed on beyond the green hills of Candilli.

Jewsharps.

Curious jewsharps are made by the Japanese and Fijians. Those of the former are twelve inches long, made of wood, and have a reed tongue, which is vibrated by the finger, and the sound is given by the force of the breath and modulated by the lips and cavity of the mouth. These instruments are also used in Burmah. The Fijian jewsharp is of bamboo; the tongue is made by leaving a vibratable slip when carving a longitudinal opening in the bamboo strip. It is about a foot long. The Kafirs and the Tahitians have taken a great fancy to the jewsharp of the white man, and it is rapidly superseding the instruments of native manufacture. The *goura* of the South African bushman is a sort of complicated jewsharp, in which a quill is distended by the string of a bow, and is breathed upon by the player. A gut string is attached at one end to one extremity of the bow, and the other to an oval-shaped piece of bustard quill, which is lashed to the other extremity of the bow. The quill is of an attenuated oval shape, and its quality, as well as the tension of the string, determines its musical tone. The performer holds the bow nearly horizontally, steadying himself by placing his elbows on his knees, his right forefinger into his right ear and the forefinger of his left hand into his left nostril. He is then ready for duty. He breathes upon the quill, eliciting tones both in expiration and inspiration. The instrument is the most ingenious to be found in South Africa and is a great favorite with the people, though monotonous and weak in tone. The string adds resonance to the tones, which are like those of a jewsharp, though inferior to the latter. It seems that no regular tune is attempted, but the variations of tone follow each other much as when a person unskilled in the jewsharp excites sounds of varying pitch by changing the position of his lips and the strength of his breathing. When the instrument is used by a woman she holds it differently; grasping the middle and holding the instrument perpendicularly she blows upon the quill and taps the string with a small stick. When the woman plays it is called a joum-joum.

A Clerical Joke.

A clergyman, a widower, recently created quite a sensation in his household, which consisted of seven grown-up daughters. The reverend gentleman was absent from home for a number of days, visiting in an adjoining county. The daughters received a letter from their father which stated that he had "married a widow with six sprightly children," and that he might be expected home at a certain time. The effect of that news was a great shock to the happy family. The girls, noted for their meekness and amiable temperaments, seemed another set of beings; there were weeping and wailing and tearing of hair, and all manner of naughty things said. The tidy home was neglected, and when the day of arrival came, the house was anything but inviting. At last the Rev. *Mr. X—— came, but he was alone. He* greeted his daughters as usual, and, as he viewed the neglected apartments, there was a merry twinkle in his eye. *The daughters were nervous and evi*dently anxious. At last the eldest mustered courage and asked: "Where is our mother?"

"In heaven," said the good man.

"*But where is the widow with six* children whom you wrote you had married?"

"Why, I married her to another man, *my dears,*" he replied, *delighted at the* success of his joke.

Civil War.

On a certain occasion, when there was a prospect, or at least a possibility, of a civil war in Great Britain, the Duke of Wellington addressed the house of peers as follows: "My lords, I am one of those who have probably passed a longer period of life engaged in war than most men, and principally, I may say, in civil war, and I must say this: That if I could avoid, by any sacrifice whatever, even one month of civil war in the country to which I am attached, I would sacrifice my life in order to do it. I say that there is nothing which destroys property and prosperity and demoralizes character to the degree that civil war does. By it the hand of man is raised against his neighbor, against his brother and against his father—the servant betrays his master, and the whole scene ends in confusion and devastation

MARK TWAIN'S LATEST JOKE.

How He Organized a Wedding in the House and Persuaded the Young Man.

The Hartford (Conn.) correspondent of the Boston *Herald* says: A good story about Mark Twain is just beginning to leak out here. Some time ago he went on a visit to Elmira, N. Y., leaving his quaint house among the trees on Farmington avenue in charge of his servants. Nearly two weeks ago an item was published in the Hartford daily papers chronicling an ineffectual attempt to rob the humorist's residence. The story was that a man presented himself at the door one day, saying that he had been sent by the gas company to inspect the meter and pipes. The servant, who had not the slightest suspicion, allowed the stranger to enter and do as he pleased. When he supposed no one was watching his movements, he hid himself away in a dark corner (of which there are many in the odd chalet), and waited for darkness. But the girl, who had watched his movements, went and procured assistance, and had the intruder "bounced" without ceremony. When Mr. Clemens heard the story in Elmira, he thought he smelled a very large rat, and hastened to Hartford with the purpose of ferreting it out. His theory was that one of the servant girls must have had a beau, who was admitted to the house at unusual hours, and that, being caught in the act, this means of concealing the real truth of the case was adopted. With all the sagacity of an ex-journalist he followed his clue, but could not establish the theory he had formed.

But while pursuing his investigation he learned that one of the girls, who had been a member of his family a long time, was really guilty of having a male admirer, who occasionally shared the hospitality of the house, unknown to the proprietor. She was a buxom English girl, with a handsome form and a bright, cheerful face. Faithful in the performance of her duties, and always solicitous for the best interests of the family, she had made herself almost invaluable to the household. The high esteem in which Mr. Clemens had always held her no doubt influenced his course. He was sorry to part with the girl who had served him well, but, seeing no other alternative, quickly matured a plan that should "let her down easy." After a long hunt he succeeded in discovering the young fellow's name. When that was gained Mr. Clemens went down town and procured a marriage certificate. Returning he stopped at the residence of the Rev. Mr. Twitchell, pastor of the Asylum street church, and took him into his carriage. Arrived home, the first thing done was to send for the young man, who soon appeared, somewhat frightened at the summons. From his dress and general appearance of decay it was evident that his circumstances were not those of violent prosperity. When he was brought in Mark braced up and tried to look dignified. This was about the dialogue that ensued:

Mark—So, young man, you have been in the habit of making a hotel of my house—with all the modern improvements. (Silence unbroken by the young man). Well, as you don't offer any objections, we'll take that part of the matter for granted. If your offense had stopped at that point it would have been all right. I am always glad to entertain company—yes, if you had mentioned it I would have had the house refurnished for you. All that, and more, I would have done gladly for a guest. But when you [dignity and pathos]—when you alienate the affections of Maria Jane, when you descend upon this peaceful fold with base designs—like a wolf in sheep's clothing, as it were—that I cannot forgive.

Y. M., (with humility) if you please, sir, I ain't got no sheep's clothing."

Mark (examining the fabric of the young man's coat)—Ah, I perceive my error; it is cotton not wool. However, I was speaking metaphorically. As I intimated before, I cannot endure the thought of having my house, which, until your fell presence, had been the abode of innocence, turned into a kennel of wrong-doing. When you sought that end, you not only wounded me mortally, but you aroused my wrath; and, young man, when I'm mad, I'm a bad crowd. In the first throes of my passion, I was doubtful whether to have you arrested for murder in the first degree, or—

At this point the young man showed symptoms of terror. "But," continued Mark, "it suddenly occurred to me that a certain Pennsylvania judge—Joe Bradley, I believe—once ruled that in case of arson, the fellow must marry the girl; and so I conclude you must answer to the crime of arson; in other words you must get hitched to Maria Jane."

Apparently, Mark's victim was relieved, but he was still doubtful. He said: "If you please, sir, I'd be glad to marry Maria, but I couldn't support her. I ain't got no money, and I can't get no work. I mean to marry her some time, sir; honest and true I do.

Mark—That's altogether too thin, young man. You marry Maria right here and now, or up you go for arson.

Y. M.—Well, sir, if it comes to that, of course I'll marry her.

Mark—That's the kind of talk I like. Here Twitchell! Maria Jane! Come here!

And the two people named, followed by the other servant, entered the room; the marriage ceremony was performed, and Mark and the second girl signed the certificate as witnesses. After that Mark paid the minister, gave the couple $200 in cash, and sent them adrift with an injunction—which, by the way, he ascribed to Hoyle—to "go and sin no more."

Terrible Effects of Lightning.

*A thunder storm in New Jersey re*cently was the most severe that has been seen there for years, and great damage was done in the interior of the State. At about two o'clock, when the rain began falling, Mrs. Elizabeth Sandow, wife of Augustus Sandow, a wealthy farmer of Homestead Station, Hudson county, was in the fields with her child, *Mary. She ran to a shed near the farm-*house, followed by Frederick Muller, the hired boy. The boy picked up a small piece of telegraph wire on the way *and carried it with him. The lightning* struck a flagstaff on the barn and splintered it. Mrs. Sandow fell prostrate, and the child which she held in her arms was thrown several feet away. Muller was instantly killed. The electric fluid struck his hand, in which he held the wire, and ran upward to the shoulder, leaving a black streak. The child's leg was blackened and burned. It died within a few minutes. Mrs. Sandow wasn't disfigured. She was picked up dead.

Preventing Hydrophobia.

Dr. Gryzmala, of Kriuoe Ozivoe, Podolia, reports that during the last ten years he has treated at least a hundred cases—in human subjects as well as beasts—of bites of hydrophobic animals with the powdered leaves of zanthium spinosum, with success in every instance but one, although cases of bites inflicted at the same time, but treated in other ways, had terminated in death. The drug is described as possessing sudorific and slightly diuretic properties. The dose for an adult is nine grains of dry powder of the leaves, repeated three times a day, and continued during a period of three weeks. To children under twelve years of age half the quantity is given.—*Journal de Therapeutique.*

THE HUMAN FEET.

How to Preserve and Keep Them in Good Condition—Corns and their Cure.

A pretty foot, says Goethe, is the one element of beauty which defies the assaults of age. If properly cared for, it remains as perfect at seventy as it was as seventeen.

To preserve the feet in a thoroughly healthy and comfortable state the first object of attention should be thorough cleanliness. For this purpose they should be frequently soaked in warm or tepid water, good yellow soap being freely used to remove the dirt and perspiration which accumulate about them. This should be done, if possible, every day in summer, every other day in spring and autumn and twice a day in winter. The appropriate time for the operation is at night, before retiring to rest. About once a fortnight the nails of the toes should be inspected, when each of them that requires it should be pared with a sharp penknife to prevent them becoming inconveniently long or growing into the flesh. Their proper length is that of the toes, and the shape of their extremities that of the natural curve of the part. If they are allowed to grow beyond the end of the toes they are liable to be forced back and distorted by the pressure of the boot or shoe and to grow into the flesh, while if they are shorter or much shorter than the toes the extremities of the latter lose their natural support.

It is highly necessary to the preservation of health to keep the feet dry, and to shelter them from cold and sudden changes of temperature. Persons who are exposed to the wet or cold should therefore regard sound and good boots and shoes as of the first importance. In a hygienic point of view a wet back should be less shunned than wet or cold feet. We may trace one half of the consumptions of this country to cold suddenly applied to the feet, by which the sensible exhalation is checked; and it is not sufficiently impressed upon the mind that when once the regular perspiration from the feet is checked it is a matter of the utmost difficulty to restore it.

Tender feet generally arise from the neglect of cleanliness, the use of thin cotton stockings, and boots and shoes that are either too tight or stiff. The best treatment of tender feet is soaking them nightly in tepid water, to which a handful of bran may be added. When the tenderness is extreme and persistent, a little powdered borax of sal-ammoniac should be added to the water. In all cases woolen or worsted stockings, and boots of French kid, or some equally soft kind of leather, should be worn.

Corns—"clavi"—are horny indurations of the skin, with a central nucleus very sensitive at the base, and occur on the exposed portions of the joints of the toes. The common cause of them is continued pressure or friction on the projections of the bones from tight, stiff, or ill-fitting boots or shoes. The curative treatment of corns is very simply, though often somewhat troublesome and tedious. After soaking them for some minutes in warm water, to soften them, they should be pared with a sharp penknife as close as possible, without causing them pain or making them bleed. The pared surface of the corn, and particularly its central and upper portion, may then be touched over with any substance capable of destroying the vitality of the indurated cuticle, or at least the part of it next the surface and thus causing it in a few days to separate. For this purpose caustic or corrosives are employed. Of these the most convenient, and the one most in favor, is fused nitrate of silver or luna caustic. The application should be repeated every third or fourth day, until a cure be effected; soft, loose shoes being, as far as possible, worn during the whole time. Another method of extirpating corns is the application of a small blister. This will frequently raise them, with the skin, out of their beds, and permit of their complete removal. The delicate exposed surface must then be dressed with a little simple ointment, spread on lint, and this must be retained in its place by a slight bandage formed of a strip of calico.

Read This, Young Ladies.

A young lady from the South was wooed and won by a youthful physician living in California. When the engagement was made the doctor was rich, having been very successful in San Francisco. It had not existed six months, however, when, by an unfortunate investment, he lost his entire "heap." This event came upon him, it should be added, just as he was about to claim his bride. What does he do? Why, like an honorable and chivalrous young fellow as he is, he sits down and writes the young lady every particular of the unhappy turn which has taken place in his fortunes, assuring her that if the fact produced any change in her feelings toward him, she is released from every promise she has made him. And what does the dear, good girl? Why, she takes a lump of pure gold which her lover had sent her in his prosperity as a keepsake, and having it manufactured into a ring forwards it to him with the following Bible inscription engraved in distinct characters on the outside: "Entreat me not to leave thee, or to return from following after thee; for whither thou goest will I go, and whither thou lodgest will I lodge; thy people will be my people and thy God my God; where thou diest will I die, and there will I be buried; the Lord do so to me, and more also, if aught but death part me and thee." The lover idolized his sweetheart more than ever when he received this precious evidence of her devotion to him both in storm and sunshine. We may add that fortune soon again smiled upon the young physician, and that he subsequently returned to the North to wed the sweet girl that he loved, and who loved him with such undying affection. Reader, this is all true. Young ladies who read the Bible as closely as the heroine of this incident seems to have done are pretty sure to make good sweethearts and better wives.

The Judge's Questions.

A laughable story is related of Dunning, an English judge. It is said of him frequently, in the examination of *witnesses, he often displayed great* coarseness, and drew upon himself the animadversion of his brethren. On one occasion, wishing to establish the identity of the party through the instrumentality of an unsophisticated old woman (occupying the witness stand), the following highly amusing colloquy is said to have taken place between Dunning and the old woman:

Dunning—Was he a tall man?

Witness—Not very tall, your honor—much about the size of your worship's honor.

Dunning—Was he good looking?

Witness—Quite the contrary—much like your honor, but with a handsomer nose.

Dunning—Did he squint?

Witness—A little, your worship, but not so much as your honor, by a great deal!

These replies produced a roar of laughter in the court, in which Lord Mansfield (who was sitting on the bench) is said to have joined.

Frock coats of enormous length are now fashionable in London. "The other day," says a writer in the London *World*, "I saw a faultlessly dressed young man nearly dislocate his backbone trying to reach his coat tail pocket.

FORTUNES LOST.

The Gaming-Table and the Drinking Saloon—Illustrations from the Experiences of Boston Merchants.

The Boston *Traveller* says: In recording the losses of great fortunes, from various causes, it becomes a very delicate matter to touch upon one point. More fortunes actually acquired, still more in prospective, have been swept away, as it were, in an hour by the demons of drinking and gambling, and this is the point we refer to. There is a demoralization attached to these two vices that, when once fastened upon an individual, scarcely admits of control or reform, and for the reason that insensibly they induce other and no less dangerous excesses:

A gentleman of this city had occasion to call at a certain place not far from State street, during business hours, to collect a rent bill. "What was my astonishment," he said, "to find it a gambling house; and what was more astonishing, was to see gathered around the table of the dealer some of the prominent business men of Boston. It was not difficult to foretell the fate of these men," and it came—ruin, financial and social.

In 1849 there was a young man, the junior partner of one of the largest commission houses in Boston, as thorough a business man as ever lived. In 1850 he left this firm and became the head of another firm which did an extensive Western and Southern business. After a few years there appeared to be a change for the worse in the habits of this gentleman, and the credit of his firm was discussed. One morning the writer happened into the counting-room of the late Col. Fay, and in course of conversation the question in regard to Mr. —— came up, and in reply to a direct inquiry, Col. Fay remarked: "Young man, when I see a person go into a bar-room early in the morning and swallow a full tumbler of spirits, I make up my mind that his habits are not only bad, but that they are confirmed. One year ago Mr. ——'s credit stood as high as that of any man in Boston. I should hesitate now to take his note for any amount; his failure is only a question of time." Within a year he failed. His splendid talents, however, saved him from the ruin common to such men. He died the recipient of a salary, though liberal, less than a fifth part of the income he had received as a business man.

A still more emphatic illustration comes to mind. The junior partner of one of the largest—if not the largest—dry goods commission houses in this city, bearing the name of and allied to one of the most respected and honored families in the State, and by marriage connected with the greatest of then living American statesmen, acquired through his social companionship the taste for strong drink. He had an inherited fortune, and a business future of great apparent promise. His social position was unquestioned; he was the husband of one of the most highly gifted and beautiful women, and the father of promising sons and daughters. From the hour of his first yielding to temptation his decline was rapid; his fortune all wasted, his social position destroyed, he died leaving an inheritance of disgrace to his children, and it is a mournful closing of this sketch to add that his eldest son came to a violent death in the prime of his manhood through the sin bequeathed to him.

About forty years ago there was a firm doing business on one of the North End wharves. The firm ranked high in the commercial list; it had extensive foreign connections. The senior partner belonged to one of the oldest and wealthiest families in Boston; he was educated in the commercial schools of Holland, and was a thorough merchant. The junior of the firm came from the old colony, and represented one of the old families of the original Plymouth stock. At one time he was regarded as one of the most accomplished young business men of Boston; he was a fine linguist, a man of refined taste, and of more than ordinary literary ability; his rise socially and commercially was remarkable; wealth seemed to come to him without exertion; he erected a house in the court end of the city, which, for its magnificence and the taste of its surroundings, was the talk of the time; he had an accomplished wife, and he was the father of a beautiful family of children; he entertained magnificently; his house was filled with rare works of art, and yet he bore himself with becoming modesty. Like a tropical thunder-storm out of a clear sky came the astounding news that the firm had gone under, and that the junior partner was utterly ruined, morally and socially, and in purse hopelessly bankrupt. The old bookkeeper, for many years a faithful servant of the firm, in his quaint way said to the writer: "Well, what could you expect of a man who spends his days in gambling and drinking, and his nights in more questionable dissipation, but that he would come to ruin?" Disease, superinduced by fearful excesses, caused paralysis, and he died after a short existence, a loathsome object to himself and to his friends.

In 1853, while on the Fall River steamer, coming from New York to Boston, the writer met with a young man who had already earned a brilliant reputation as a politician, as a financier and as a merchant. He was the adopted son of an old Quaker in a neighboring city; he had been twice elected mayor of that city, had represented the city and district in the State Senate, and was at the time president of one of the largest banking institutions in Boston. The writer, in common with hosts of his friends, had regarded him as a model. His actual wealth, of his own accumulation, was estimated at half a million, and he was not 40 years of age. A single circumstance while on board the steamer excited the writer's suspicions, and the truth flashed across him at once that this model young man was a confirmed gambler, drunkard and something more. Within four hours from the arrival of the train in Boston he was taken from the entrance steps to the bank in a state of helpless inebriety. The result, of course, was utter disgrace, and yet few men in the State had such a splendid present to enjoy and such a brilliant future to look forward to.

David Henshaw was a model merchant, as well as the ablest politician of his time. He educated nearly a score of young men, who filled up the spaces made vacant by death, to perpetuate the mercantile name and credit of David Henshaw & Co. We go back over a period of years, measured by decades, with a kind of mournful interest. One of the earliest graduates from this firm was a young man who became the senior partner of a large drug firm in

The Centre Reporter.

FRED. KURTZ.....EDITOR.

:o:

CENTRE HALL, PA., Aug. 23, 1877.

In the Chester county republican convention, last week, resolutions were passed, after a warm little fight, endorsing the Hayes administration by a vote of 97 to 30.

The N. Y. World offers the democracy of Pennsylvania some wholesome advice. It says: There appears to be some inclination on the part of the Democrats in Pennsylvania to go off at half-cock and adopt a platform agreeable to the Pittsburg rioters and Mollie Maguires for fear the Republicans should do so. Let our brethren keep cool and take counsel of Shakespeare. If the enemy is an ass and a fool and a prating coxcomb, is it right, look you, that we, too, should make asses and fools and prating coxcombs of ourselves.

In Maine the republicans are also in a snarl, like in Ohio. Blaine gave the republican state convention and its doings an anti-Hayes color, and now the Hayesites threaten to get up an opposition ticket. Trouble thickens with the fraudulent administration, and the party its threatened with disruption. The way of the transgressor is hard, indeed, and it seems that no matter how fair a policy Mr. Hayes may pursue, the fact that he occupies a seat that belongs to Mr. Tilden, casts a shadow over all his acts. While he follows a democratic policy, the democrats detest him because he occupies a stolen chair, and the republican leaders give him the cold shoulder, swearing at him for deserting them and their principles. The only thing he could do that would be creditable, would be to resign and ask the nation to forgive the crime that he permitted to be perpetrated.

"Brick Pomeroy has been divorced a second time, and has married his third wife.

We never took any stock in Brick Pomeroy or his kind of politicians. Brick is a fop and a fool, and the less stock women take in him the better for them. The third wife should have taken warning from previous divorces, and had better spent her days in single blessedness than hitch with a subject like Pomeroy in double cussedness.

The Lycoming Insurance Company, of Muncy, will loose about $1,300 through the rascality of S. K. Mann, an agent of the company in Ohio.

"OLD TOMMY BROWN," the oldest fireman in Philadelphia and who had run to over 1,500 fires, is dead. He was 72 years of age.

We rather guess he has gone over to that other big fire.

The latest we have from Elisabeth is this, from a New York paper:

Mrs. Tilton is very contented, and as some one expressed it, is "not only as happy as a bird, but lives like a queen." Certain it is that, from never having worn other than neutral tints in clothing and abstained from jewelry, she has blossomed out into colors, and even makes up her face a little. She declares that she was "never so happy nor so religious."

The latest we heard from Beecher was, that he considered bread and water good enough for workingmen, and we suppose at the same time he thought $12,000 per year was not too much for his preaching.

It is expected that a delegation of Indian chiefs including Red Cloud, Spotted Tail and other prominent men of the various tribes will visit Washington soon for a talk with Mr. Hayes.

They should certainly send an invitation to the old Winnebago, at Harrisburg, to be present, he could put in a grunt or two, and might tell Hayes he's "a heap big fraud."

We see from the Watchman that some Bellefonters had a gold meeting last week. Oil meetings being too common and sort o' played out, gold meetings come in quite refreshingly. However, we don't care about de goold, we only want de diamonds.

JOHN SHERMAN, in his speech at Mansfield, Ohio, on 17, apologized for Hayes' Southern and civil service policy; opposed the repeal of the Resumption law; said the date 1879 must "stick;" did not say a word on the silver question; and favored placing the railroads under the control of the Federal Government. He did not mention Eliza Pinkston or obtrude the bloody shirt, and for the first time in twenty years of public speaking forgot his sectionalism and hatred of the South. We have hopes of Morton now.

LOCK HAVEN NATIONAL BANK.

Clinton Democrat, 16, says: Mr Mackey being sufficiently recovered to attend to business, he visited the Bank on Monday and has since given it daily attention. A call has been issued for a meeting of the Stockholders on next Tuesday, when the question of the Bank resuming will be considered and discussed. The United States Bank Examiner and Directors have examined carefully the condition of the Bank, and we are told that it is their opinion that the Bank is not only solvent, but that the stock will be worth fifty cents on the dollar at least. The President assures us that come what may—whether the Bank resume or go into the hands of a Receiver—the depositors will be paid, in installments, and possibly within a year, every dollar that the Bank owes them.

At the annual meeting of the Texas & Pacific Railroad, held in Philadelphia on Tuesday, the directors gave a statement of what they ask from Congress. They propose to open a highway, 1,400 miles in length, from Fort Worth to San Diego, which, with the road now completed, shall be under Government control. They will limit the Government's liability to $2,500,000 per annum, for which a first mortgage is offered on the road, and 18,000,000 acres of land. Government bonds bearing five per cent. interest are asked at the rate of $35,000 per mile of road constructed, $5,000 per mile to remain in the Treasury of the United States. It is a private enterprise, they say, designed to secure to the people, without cost to the Government, a national highway, the construction of which at this time is believed to be a field for the employment of surplus population.

Prohibitionists have already called their State Convention to meet at Harrisburg on the 12th of September, and now the Greenback State committee have issued a call for a convention to meet at Williamsport on the 19th of the same month. The various labor organizations are getting their somewhat discordant elements into line for a convention, and it will be called in a few days. The Prohibitionists don't assume in their call that they will nominate a State ticket, but they propose to consider the expediency of doing so. The Greenback men, however, declare their purpose to nominate a full ticket, and the Labor party will doubtless do likewise, if it don't swarm into two or three political families, with a full list of candidates for each.

The democratic state convention met at Harrisburg, on Wednesday. We will furnish a report of its doing in our next issue.

Tony Mugonthaler, an employee of the Memphis Brewery Company, suicided on Saturday, by jumping into the river.

A LONG WAR.

The war in Europe has been dragging itself slowly along, and now come surmisings that it will be a long struggle. A Times special from London says: The announcement that the Russian war directors had determined not to continue operations beyond the Balkans this year will be received with surprise everywhere. The effect will be serious—not alone for Russia nor for Turkey, but also for those nations which have hitherto maintained a precarious neutrality. They will have to confront the fact that the war is to be continued into another year, instead of being ended, as all ardently hoped, with this campaign.

It was never very likely that we should see a repetition of the seven weeks war of 1866, but now we may expect to witness something not unlike the great civil war in America—a war slow in process, exhausting in methods and terminating in the utter collapse of one of the belligerents.

For Russia this will doubtless be a misfortune. One year of war is enough to try her finances sorely, and it remains to be seen how she will bear the strain. The people at home will suffer, and it will take all their faith in the Emperor to make them resigned to what they must undergo.

On the other hand the war will open to the Government reserves of individual wealth upon which it is impossible to draw in time of peace. While it lasts the people will have to work more and live harder than they have been in the habit of doing. That money will be found to sustain it is beyond all doubt, and most of it must be found within the Empire.

For Turkey the prolongation of the war is even a more serious affair, Bulgaria will be occupied during the winter and the Turkish army must not only be kept up in numbers to a war standard in efficiency but preparedness. It has some troops in Bulgaria, as, for instance, the Egyptians who must be withdrawn to save their lives. It has others now in rags, for whom it must provide warm clothing; moreover, a pound of dates per diem, upon which, according to Midhat Pasha, a Turkish soldier can maintain himself in splendid fighting condition, is not a winter ration.

Then new contracts will be required for ammunition and rifles, which can only be obtained with ready money. So many provinces have either ceased to yield more than a sufficient amount of taxes through war and insurrection—as Bulgaria, Herzegovina and Bosnia, which have all been exhausted by requisitions of the Government; as a large part of Asia Minor and Armenia—that forced loans and immense issues of paper money have been resorted to. But expedients of this kind can not be repeated.

There remains the possibility that Egypt may be made subservient to the interests of Turkish finances. The Khedive has already begun to expend in this war money which belongs to his creditors. He sends division after division of soldiers to Constantinople, but cannot pay coupons due without borrowing money from the bank of Egypt, which when due he much regrets he cannot repay.

Operations of this kind, however, will do more to exhaust the Egyptian treasury than to help the Turkish Government, whose burdens are increasing.

AN EX. GOV. OF S. C. OWNS UP.

Ex. Gov. Moses, who fled from South Carolina to escape justice for his rascalities, and who was one of the scalawags that helped to ride the state into bankruptcy, lately returned and was arrested and appearing before the investigating committee, Moses was the first real informer, and he made a clean breast of it. He was asked to account for the various sums which he had received as speaker and governor. Moses modestly estimated these at $500,000, while the higher valuation is $900,000—though figures were no question between Moses and the committee. After calling over the larger sums, which bore heavy upon his memory, he acknowledged that he 'had spent it all.' There was $25,000 in one pile, which he, as speaker, received from United States Senator John J. Patterson. 'What was that for?' It appears that in 1871 Moses began to tire of the retail perquisites of the position through the committees which he appointed. Besides, being a candidate for governor, he was frequently cheated by his subordinates in making fair returns of the bribery money, their committees made. Patterson, too, thought the machinery was loose, and could be made to pay a handsome advance, as well as aid him in his candidacy for the senatorship. He therefore proposed to purchase the whole privilege from Moses at one single dash, get control of the committees as a systematic scheme, and turn miller himself for his own grist and that of any democrat or republican who had any meal to grind, through the legislature.

"Another large amount which Moses received stuck in his memory, because he had been cheated out of a portion of it. The Republican printing company drew two checks of $10,000 each in his favor, and left them with Hardy Solomans' bank. Solomans paid Moses $15,000 of the proceeds, and kept $5,000. Moses has been threatening to sue Solomans for the latter ever since he found it out, but the question, 'What court would entertain jurisdiction?' has delayed the complaint.

"During his speakership Moses flooded the market with 'pay certificates,' purporting to be for services rendered by attaches of the house. Hundreds of thousands of dollars of these were afloat. Any influential republican could get one, whether he had ever been in Columbia or not. To do Moses justice, he alleged some of these to be forgeries. Jones, the clerk's, signature is genuine, but his is not. From these certificates he derived a large amount of money."

—Lewisburg is near 50 miles from Gregg township; Bellefonte is only 14 miles from the same section; yet the farmers of Gregg can reach Lewisburg for a market in less than three hours by rail, and to reach Bellefonte must wagon it, taking half a day's time. Does Bellefonte see the point.

The farmers of Haines, Penn and Brushvalley can now reach Lewisburg for a market in two hours by rail; to wagon it to Bellefonte it takes them a day!

Does Bellefonte see what is necessary to keep some of the trade of the localities mentioned? Can it longer afford to oppose the extension of our railroad? Lewisburg is now nearer to our valley than Bellefonte. Do you see it?

The governor wants volunteers to make two regiments to serve for three months in keeping down strikers and rioters.

An "infidel" camp meeting is in session at Walcott, New York. Col. "Bob" Ingersoll is the big gun announced, with Professor P. C. Hudson of Indianapolis, Ind., a singer, known as the liberal "Sankey" of the West, to furnish the music.

PRESIDENTIAL COUNTS.

THOMAS JEFFERSON'S PLAN FOR THE SETTLEMENT OF ELECTORAL DISPUTES.

The New York World is indebted to Miss Sarah N. Randolph, a great-granddaughter of Thomas Jefferson, for a memorandum, prepared by her illustrious ancestor, of practical suggestions towards a bill to regulate the decision of disputes over the results of a Presidential election. Miss Randolph is a granddaughter, also, of Wilson Cary Nicholas, who was a Senator from Virginia in 1800 and this document, which is appended, was found among the latter's papers about two months ago, too late for use in the heated Congressional debates on the late Presidential election. The following is the memorandum, which is published by the World in fac simile:

JEFFERSON'S MEMORANDUM.

Whereas on an election of President or V. President of the U. S. questions may arise whether an elector has been appointed in such manner as the Legislature of his State may have directed?

Whether the time at which he was chosen and the day on which he gave his vote, were those determined by Congress?

Whether he were not at the time a Senator or Representative of the U. S., or held an office of trust or profit under the U. S?

Whether one at least of the persons he has voted for is an inhabitant of a State other than his own?

Whether the electors voted by ballot and have signed, certified and transmitted to the President of the Senate a list of all the persons voted for and of the number of votes for each?

Whether the persons voted for are natural-born citizens or were citizens of the U. S., at the time of the adoption of the Constitution, were 35 years old and had been fourteen years resident within the U. S.?

And the Constitution of the U. S. having directed that the President of the Senate shall, in the presence of the Senate and H. of Representatives, open all the certificates, and that the votes shall then be counted, from which is most reasonably inferred that they are to be counted by the members composing the said houses and brought there for that office, no other being assigned them and inferred the more reasonably, as thereby the constitutional weight of each State in the election of these high officers is exactly preserved in the tribunal which is to judge of its validity, the number of Senators and Representatives from each State composing the said tribunal being exactly that of the electors of the same State.

Be it therefore enacted, &c., [here insert the former clause.]

Provides that the certificates of the Executive of any State shall be conclusive evidence that the requisite number of votes has been given for each elector named by him as such. [Here add all other limitations on the preceding questions which may be thought proper, stating what the two houses shall not decide.]

And be it further enacted. That whatsoever the vote of one or more of the electors of any State shall, for any cause whatever, be adjudged invalid it shall be lawful for the Senators and Representatives of the said state, either in the presence of the two houses, or separately and withdrawn from them, to decide by their own votes to which of the persons voted for by any of the electors of their State (or to what person) the invalid vote or votes shall be given, for which purpose they shall be allowed the term of one hour and no longer, during which no other certificate shall be offered or proceeded on.

The Times says the great need of such a statute as was proposed was keenly felt last winter. Mr. Jefferson saw the danger attendant upon a disputed Presidential count, and it was probably in anticipation of the bitter contest of 1800 between his own friends and those of Aaron Burr that this paper was prepared. Senator Nicholas of Virginia, among whose papers it was found, was a man of note in his day and was known as Mr. Jefferson's personal friend and representative in Congress. The World thinks that Mr. Jefferson designed that Senator Nicholas should offer it as an amendment to the bill reported by Mr. Ross February 4, 1800, from a Senate committee appointed to draft a plan for deciding disputed elections for President and Vice President of the United States. An incident of the debates on that bill was the Grand Commission scheme, unearthed by Senator Bayard last winter, which was the prototype of the Commission that gave Mr. Hayes the Presidency. It is interesting to observe that Mr. Jefferson contemplated the challenge of an elector on the ground of ineligibility and foreshadowed all the leading points presented in the cases before Congress last winter in connection with the votes of Florida, Louisiana and South Carolina, and it is even more worthy of note that he held to the theory that the members of the two houses of Congress, not the President of the Senate, shall count the votes. It is a pity that this document was not brought to light six months ago. There would have been a hot dispute over its authenticity, but as that would have been placed beyond question it might have played an important part and exerted a wholesome influence in the settlement of the dispute. Even now it will be cherished as one of the most valuable contributions to the literature of Presidential counts.

THE AUGUR ORDER OF LAST MARCH.

HOW DON CAMERON BLUFFED THE PRESIDENT INTO WITHHOLDING IT.

[From the New Orleans Times, August 3.]

Colonel W. M. Levy has given to the Natchitoches Vindicator an interesting account of some of the inside workings of the Grant Administration at the close of its last term. Concerning the order which President Grant issued to General Augur for the withdrawal of the troops, Colonel Levy says:

On the 2d of March General Grant showed to us the draft of the order directing the withdrawal of the troops, in accordance with his previously declared intention, which he said he would send to General Augur by telegraph. That General Grant did direct this order to be sent I am fully satisfied and convinced; how or by whom it was suppressed or withheld I am unable to state, and in time, perhaps, a disclosure may be made which will fix the pefidy were it belongs.

There are some curious and interesting facts connected with this matter which the Times can now properly give to the public. The President issued the order mentioned by Colonel Levy. It was sent to General Sherman at 12 M., March 2. For some reason the President did not submit the order to the Secretary of War, nor did the Secretary knew that it had been issued until by accident he learned that it was in the Adjutant-General's hands for transmission to New Orleans. He immediately ordered the Adjutant-General not to send it, as it had not come through "the proper military channels." General Townsend tried to say that "the President and General Sherman"—"Damn the President and Sherman, too," broke in the angry Pennsylvanian. "I am either Secretary of War or I am not. Grant, who is an old soldier, ought to have known better than to do a thing which is a deliberate insult to me." He directed General Townsend to notify General Sherman that "the order to General Augur to remove the troops from the State House in Louisiana was withheld by the Secretary of War for sufficient reasons."

General Sherman went at once to the President, and said that while he would send the order himself if the President wished, yet as it was one of great importance, it had better go through the proper channels, and be signed by the Secretary of War, and that he thought Cameron had better be sent for. The President himself wrote Cameron a note and asked Mr. Luckey, his Private Secretary, to be the bearer of it, as the matter was one of great importance. Mr. Cameron immediately went to the White House, and found the President and General Sherman awaiting him.

"Cameron," said the President, "I issued an order to-day for the removal of the troops from the Louisiana State House. I learn that you have suppressed it. Why did you do this?" "Mr. President," said the Secretary "you are an old soldier and a very distinguished one. I do not believe you would put an insult on me. Yet I find you disregarding the plainest principle of official etiquette, by transmitting orders which should go through my hands, without my knowledge or consent. As the Secretary of War, I rank General Sherman. He is my subordinate. He has no right to forward any order, not even from you unless it goes through the regular channels. Your conduct was irregular. I stopped the order. If you insist upon its being sent by General Sherman, I shall notify General Augur to disregard any orders not signed by me. While I am Secretary of War, I am entitled to the consideration that belongs to the position. If it is not accorded me by my subordinates, I will take care to see that its neglect is properly resented." General Sherman's face was a study. Upon the points of etiquette Cameron was right. The President sat still, his face as motionless and impassive as that of Secretary Stanton, that stood near to his right-hand, carved in stone. As Cameron rose to go, he said: "Mr. President, I have only two days more to serve in your Cabinet. If you desire my resignation, it is at your service." There happened to be an old Louisiana college friend and class-mate of Cameron's in Washington. As this gentleman's personal relations with Cameron were of a character that gave him the entree to the War Office at any hour, he was requested to find out what the matter was. "Don," he said, "what is the hitch in that order of Grant's? I know it was issued at 12 M. to-day, and I also know that it has never left this city." The Secretary replied that Grant had tried to send the order without his knowledge and that he had stopped it. He said that, while he was a Republican, he felt that there ought to be a change in the management of Southern affairs; that he had withheld the order as much from personal reasons and a feeling that he had not been treated as he should have been in the matter as anything else. Two days after this Cameron went out of office with Grant.

STRIKING COAL MINERS.

Suspension of Work at a Large Number of Collieries.

"The three collieries of the Beaver Meadow coal company, employing about 900 men; the collieries at Stockton of G. J. Linderman, about 600 men; the Spring Mountain collieries, 700 men; the two collieries of the Beaver Brook coal company, 600; the Lehigh and Wilkesbarre coal company's four collieries at Audenreid, about 2,000 men, and A. L. Murphy & Co.'s two collieries south of Hazelton. The men demand an increase of wages equal to the last reduction made. It is rumored that four collieries operated by Pardee & Co. will be out after to-day."

The men working in the mines strike for an increase of wages—their demand being for a withdrawal of the 12½ per cent. reduction made some months ago by the operators. They ask for the restoration of the old wages, which may be found in this statement: Platform men, now receiving $1.05 a day, old wages $1.20; inside laborers, now receiving $7 a week, old wages $7.92; miners' laborers, now receiving $7.30, old wages $8.28; miners themselves, now receiving $8.50, old wages $9.64.

THE FAMINE IN INDIA.

The Dead and Dying Encumber the Roads.

London, August 15.—The Times' Bellary correspondent describing the awful effects of the famine in Southern India, says the great bulk of the people are now emaciated, their ribs are sticking out in painful prominence and their skins covered with a dirty looking discoloration of the cuticle described in the Irish famine of 1846-7, by Dr. Donovan, as a peculiar famine eruption. If we look at the thousands of people collected on the relief works, these famine marks are of almost universal prevalence. The Superintendent of Relief Operations in Adoni reports that a journey over one of his roads resembles the path of a great battle, in the numbers of dead and dying. If the people had been smitten by a local outbreak of cholera in ordinary times they would have fled from the works and never returned; but so severe is the pressure for food that none could afford to leave the works and lose their pay, even for a single day.

WAR IN BULGARIA.

A Russian Assault Repulsed.

London, August 19.—On Saturday, the Russians, numbering 35,000, ten regiments of cavalry and 110 guns, attacked Mukhta Pasha along the whole line, extending from Magaryikah to Yakinlar. Cannonading began at seven o'clock in the morning, and at six in the evening the Russians retreated in good order to their encampment, pursued by the Turks. The Turks lost 165 killed and wounded and the Russians 1,200.

London, August 16.—A dispatch from Erzeroum say the Russian centre and left are advancing on Mukhtar Pasha, who is near Zaim, and a great battle is impending.

London, August 16.—A dispatch from Constantinople says a conspiracy has been discovered in favor of Prince Youssouff Izzedin Effendi as sultan, and that a great number of arrests have been made.

HORRIBLE MASSACRE OF CHRISTIANS, AND DESTRUCTION OF PROPERTY.

July 31st, the day of Russian evacuation of Eski Saghra, Turks ordered that all Christians, men, women and children should be shot as they left their houses. These who remained within were burnt alive. The order was given to burn down and destroy every particle of Christian property. Many leading Turkish merchants took part in the affair. One despatched a large number of Bashi Bazouks all over Tichierpen district. This district is one of the richest in that part of Turkey. It contains a very large proportion of Christians, over thirty churches and five hundred schools and colleges, all of which have been burnt. The destruction extended to the villages of Broghdan, Mahalesi, Rani Mahalesi and many others in all about sixty, containing from 150 to 200 families each. Scarcely fifty persons escaped alive. Bulgarian fugitives at Gabrova and Selvi estimate that from 12,000 to 15,000 Christians have been massacred in Eski Saghra and Tekirpan district alone. Soldiers were posted along the road from Eski Saghra to Kazanlik, with orders to shoot everybody passing.

Hospital Burned by the Turks.

Paris, August 13.—A dispatch from Gobrova says: "According to reports received here the Turks have burned the hospital at Eski-Saghra, which contained 800 sick."

More Turkish Complaints Relative to Russian Barbarities.

New York, August 13.—The Turkish Legation complains of Russians near Kars firing upon a flag of truce and wounding Osman Effendi. Twelve unarmed Mussulmen of the village of Soukoulou, near Eski Sagra, surrendered to the Russians and seven of them were massacred by Bulgarians and three by Cossacks. At Batak village, exclusively Mahommedan, district of Sistova, one hundred houses were burned and 200 men and 300 women perished. It is believed seven inhabitants survived. At Balovan, a Musselman village, district of Tirnova, 250 houses were burned and 700 men and 1,200 women perished. One person only escaped. At Lundjs, a mixed village, 100 houses were destroyed and 250 men and 600 women perished. There were three survivors. Villages abandoned upon the approach of the Russians were given to the flames and nearly 5,000 buildings destroyed.

The Legation concludes thet from information received, the Russians have adopted a uniform system to try to seize defenceless villages, and after destroying them with cannon shot to massacre unarmed inhabitants and carry off women for the purpose of outraging their persons, when they are not killed at first. Russians threaten Christian villages with the same fate if they do not surrender, or if their inhabitants refuse to be enrolled.

A DESPERATE STRUGGLE.

Suddenly, at a given signal, the Turks rushed into Kalofer, and after a desperate hand-to-hand struggle with the bayonet, succeeded in driving out the Russians, pushing them in the direction of Rosalia Pass. Here another stand was made, but after a short fight the Russians were driven through the pass, which was immediately occupied by Suleiman Pasha. The engagement lasted two hours. Simultaneously with the capture of the Pass of Rosalia, by Suleiman, the Haren-Bognez Pass, was carried by Shakir Pasha. During the retreat at Kalofer the heavy firing of the Turks exploded a powder magazine killing many Russians. The total Russians loss is said to be 500 killed and 1,000 wounded, the greater number being due to the explosion, which, to a great extent, demoralized the Russians.

RESCUE OF THE BAYAZID GARRISON.

According to a telegram from the Grand Duke Michael, published in The Moscow Gazette of July 16, the Russian garrison which was surrounded by 30,000 Turks in the citadel of Bayazid, consisted originally of thirty officers and 1,587 men. When they were relieved by Gen. Tergukassoff, they had been besieged twenty-three days and had lost in killed and wounded nine officers and 473 men, one third of the entire command. Their only food during the last week was the putrefying flesh of dead horses. News of their desperate situation was carried to Gen. Tergukassoff by a Cossack orderly named Samroun, an Armenian, who was lowered from the walls at night, passed the Turkish lines in the disguise of a Kurd, and made his way on foot to Gen. Tergukassoff's headquarters. For this service he was rewarded with 100 gold imperials, a cross of honor and the rank of an officer. The rescue of the Bayazid garrison was celebrated at St. Petersburg by a special service in the Cathedral of St. Isaac.

TITUSVILLE NEW OIL FEVER.

[From the Titusville Herald.]

There was a greater rush on Monday to the new famous gravel bed wells at East Titusville than has ever occurred before since the commencement of the development. Six stages were kept constantly running during the entire day. A new well on lot No. 20, Gile farm, which was finished on Saturday, commenced pumping at a rate which astonished the hundreds of people congregated round the romantic spot. It pumped a stream of almost solid oil, about as thick as a man's wrist, for hours, which brought the enthusiasm of lease seekers up to fever heat. Mr. Archie Johnston, who is one of the leading spirits in this novel enterprise, informs us that leases on the Gile farm will be rented to-day for a bonus and half the oil. The Johnson House did a business yesterday equal to that of the days of ancient Pithole. The great rush seems to be in the vicinity of the producing wells, but leases are anxiously sought after and gobbled up from the city limits to the Venango county line, beyond Pine creek. This extraordinary and unprecedented development has puzzled the most astute operators, geologists, and scientists. That it is a natural deposit sealed up between 2 layers of blue clay in the outcroppings of the first sand is generally conceded. It may extend for miles, and again it may be limited to the base of the hill, where it has already been found. Like the Bullion Run territory, its extent can only be determined by thoroughly testing the entire surrounding district. There is plenty of money here for the small capitalist. One of the wells, which cost only $13 to sink, inside of a day and a half, has pumped twenty barrels a day since last Saturday.

INDIAN FIGHT IN MEXICO

New Orleans, August 16.—A special dispatch to the Galveston News reports the occurrence of a fight in Mexico, recently, between the Kickapoo and Lipan Indians in which 170 Lipans were killed. Mexican troops are concentrating at Camargo, opposite Ringgold barracks. A special dispatch from Fort Clark to the same paper says that the Mexican cattle thieves drove 150 head of cattle across the Rio Grande on the 14th inst.

A DAKOTA TOWN CONSUMED.

Deadwood, D. T., August 18.—The town of Gayville, two miles from this place, was almost entirely destroyed by fire this morning. Only one or two houses were saved. The fire originated in Varne's restaurant. There being no water for fire purposes the flames spread rapidly, and in three hours destroyed about two hundred houses, ranging in value from $50 to $2,500. The total loss is estimated at $60,000. There is no insurance.

All Babies are diminutive Caesars, since they come, they see, they conquer, sometimes by their gentle stillness but oftener by continued and uproarious crying induced by Colic, Teething, Flatulence, etc. Dr. Bull's Baby Syrup by its gentle yet specific influence quiets the little ones without ever producing the least injurious effect. Price only 25 cents per bottle.

Clearfield coal operators will read this with interest: Ohio is to be the "Black Country," fifty years hence, according to predictions of an Ohio paper. In half a century, says the paper, the district of 100 miles square, including the counties of Athens, Perry and Hocking, will equal any coal region in the world. The district has twenty-two feet of solid coal in five seams. The great vein is in places twelve feet thick, and nowhere less than six feet. Mingled among the coal beds are inexhaustible beds of iron. The thickest is five feet deep at the outcrop; the thinnest, in places, sinks to six inches.

Harper's for September is distinguished not only by the beautiful illustrations and the interest which attaches to every article in its contents, but also by its remarkable variety—touching upon every field with which it is possible for a magazine to concern itself.

A Fort Clark special says that Mexican cattle thieves drove 150 head of cattle across the Rio Grande on the 14th.

The steam tug Nat White blew up on the James river, on Saturday morning. The captain, engineer and one fireman are missing.

ASSIGNING PLACES.

The "brewers" should to "Malta" go,
The "boobies" all to "Scilly,"
The "Quakers" to the "Friendly Isles,"
The "furriers" to "Chili,"
The little snarling, caroling "babes"
That break our nightly rest,
Should be packed off to "Babylon,"
To "Lapland" or to "Brest."
From "Spithead" cooks go o'er to "Greece:"
And while the "Miser" waits
His passage to the "Guinea" coast,
"Spendthrifts" are in the 'Straits,"
"Spinsters" should to "Needles" go,
"Wine bibbers" to "Burgundy;"
"Gourmands" should lunch at "Sandwich Isles,"
"Wags" at the "Bay of Fundy;"
"Bachelors" to the "United States,"
"Maids" to the "Isle of Man."
Let "gardeners" go to "Botany Bay,"
And "shoe-blacks" to "Japan."
Thus emigrate, and misplaced men
Will then no longer vex us;
And all who are not provided for
Had better go to "Texas."

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—The following accounts have been examined and passed by me and remain filed of record in this office for the inspection of heirs, legatees, creditors and all others in any way interested, and will be presented to the Orphan's Court of Centre County, on Wednesday, the 29th day of August, 1877, for confirmation and allowance:

1. The first and partial account of Josiah Neff, Executor of &c., of John Emmert, late of Harris township, deceased.
2. The second partial account of John Rishel, Executor of &c., of Peter Durst, late of Potter township, deceased.
3. The first and final account of Jeremiah Eyer and John G. Waite, administrators, of &c., of Henry Waite, late of Half Moon township deceased.
4. The final account of John B. Ream, guardian of William C. Reese, minor child of Margaret Reese, late of Gregg township, deceased.
5. The final account of S. J. Miller, administrator of &c., of Theodore Miller, late of Howard Borough, deceased.
6. The first and final account of Thomas B. McElroy, administrator of etc., of Hannah Benscoter, late of Potter township, deceased.
7. The account of Daniel Zeigler, executor of &c., of Sarah Zeigler, late of Gregg township, deceased.
8. The fifth account of Josiah Neff, executor of &c., of John Neff, late of Potter township, deceased.
9. The account of Noah Weaver, administrator de bonus non of &c., of Henry Hess, late of Haines township, deceased.
10. The account of Noah Weaver, administrator of &c., of Michael Weaver, late of Haines township, deceased.
11. The account of Daniel Roush and D. C. Wilt, executors of &c., of Peter Klinefelter, Sr., late of Miles township, deceased, as filed by Daniel Roush.
12. The account of Daniel Roush, trustee appointed by the Orphan's Court of Centre County to sell the real estate of Peter Klinefelter, Sr., late of Miles township, deceased.
13. The first and final account of Mary Toner, executrix of &c., of Henry Harshbarger, late of Potter township, deceased.
14. The account of Daniel Grove, administrator of &c., of John Ballot, late of Benner township, deceased.
15. The account of Joseph W. Marshall, guardian of Jane C. and Melissa E. Duffy, minor children of John and Sarah C. Duffy, late of Benner township, deceased.
16. The account of Joseph W. Marshall, trustee of Sarah C. Duffy, (now Snyder) under the will of Jane C. Knox, deceased.
17. The first and partial account of John Wilson, executor of &c., of Vincient Stevens, late of Halfmoon township, deceased.
18. The account of Albert Owen, administrator of &c., of Richard Atherton, late of Philipsburg, deceased.
19. The account of P. W. Barnhart, guardian of Lemuel C. McClelland, one of the heirs of Elizabeth McClelland, late of Snow Shoe township, deceased.
20. The account of John Rishel, Esq., guardian of Daniel Kerr, Jr., a minor child of Daniel Kerr, Sr., late of Potter township, deceased.
21. The account of James H. Rankin, executor of &c., of L. D. Wasson as administrator of &c., of George E. Wasson, late of College township deceased.

W. F. BURCHFIELD, Register.

WILSON & M'FARLANE.

NEW AND CHEAP
HARDWARE
STORE.

P. B. WILSON. RON'T M'FARLANE.
BELLEFONTE, PA.

We have opened a new and complete stock bought in New York and Philadelphia, from the manufacturers from first hands at extremely low prices, which we will sell at the lowest bottom prices, which we will give the people the advantage of. We say and will satisfy that we are the

Cheapest Hardware Store in the country. We have a complete stock of Ranges, Heaters, Parlor and Cook Stoves. Each Stove guaranteed to give satisfaction in every respect.

Bar-iron, Nails, Horse-shoes, Norway Nail Rods, warranted of the best quality, We claim we have the best Pure Lead, Oils, Colors, Varnishes, ever offered and the cheapest. Our Stock of Coach and Wagon Materials are of a very superior quality, and cheap, We will sell Saddlery goods as low as they can buy them in Phila. We will keep all kinds of Farmers Implements, Cultivators, Shovels, Plows, Pumps, Picture Frames, Moulding, Mirrors, Toilet Setts,

Children's buggies, Wagons of all sizes, Oil Cloths, Tubs, Buckets, and Churns,

We have in connection a Tin Shop, Mr. Smith, foreman, in which we manufacture all kinds of Tinware.

Spouting made and put up of the best quality of tin at the lowest prices.

Call and see us and we will substantiate what we advertise, as we shall take pleasure in showing our stock.

Rooms No. 7 and 8, Humes Block, 6 doors north of Post Office, Bellefonte.

WILSON & McFARLANE,
12jul.tf

-GRAIN ELEVATOR-

SHORTLIDGE & CO,
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Have erected a new GRAIN ELEVATOR on their Coal Yard and are buying grain

AT THE HIGHESTPRICES,

in cash on delivery, for

WHEAT,
CORN,
RYE,
OATS,
CLOVER SEED &C.,

Unloading is done more easily and more promptly than any other place in town which makes the NEW ELEVATOR the most desirable place to sell grain.

ANTHRACITE COAL.

The only dealers in Centre County who sell the

WILKESBARRE COAL

from the old Baltimore mines. Also

SHAMOKIN AND OTHER GRADES

of Anthracite Coal dryly housed expressly for house use, at the lowest prices

RIFLE and BLASTING POWDER.

FIRE BRICK AND GROUND FIRE CLAY.

DEALERS IN

CAYUGA GROUND PLASTER,

which is always sold at low prices, and warranted to be as good a fertilizer as an other plaster.

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Clock, Watchmaker & Jeweler
Millheim, Centre Co., Pa.

All kinds of clocks, Watches and Jewelry of the latest styles, as also the Maranville Patent Calender Clocks, provided with a complete index of the month and day of the month and week on its face, which is warranted as a perfect time keeper.

Clocks, Watches and Jewelry repaired on short notice and warranted.

DR. S. G. GUTELIUS,
Dentist, Millheim.

Offers his professional services to the public. He is prepared to perform all operations in the dental profession.

He is now fully prepared to extract teeth also to insert without pain. my8-72t

W. R. CAMP'S
POPULAR
Furniture Rooms!
CENTRE HALL, PA.

I manufacture all kinds of Furniture for Chambers, Dining Rooms, Libraries and Halls.

If you want Furniture of any kind, don't buy until you see my stock.

UNDERTAKING

In all its branches. I keep in stock all the latest and most improved Coffins and Caskets, and have every facility for properly conducting this branch of my business.

I have a patent Corpse Preserver, in which I can preserve for a considerable length of time.

Jn 19 tf W. R. CAMP.

S. & A. Loeb.

THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU,
THE TIMES ADMONISH YOU

TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,
TO SAVE MONEY WHEN YOU CAN,

AT

AT CENTRE HALL,

OVER 5000 YARDS OF CALICO, WHICH WILL BE SOLD CHEAPER THAN EVER BEFORE IN THIS SECTION.

We have the Goods! Prices Low! Selection Unsurpassed!

And we now extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons, and the public generally. Come! we will show you the

BEST SELECTED STOCK,

At prices lower than usual.

A full line of Dry-Goods,

Clothing, Boots and Shoes, Groceries, Queensware, Glassware, Wood and Willow Ware, Hats and Caps, and in fact everything and anything embraced in the above lines.

A LARGE STOCK OF

READY - MADE CLOTHING

constantly on hand.

Customers will find the stock complete, and a call is all that is required to assure you that this is the best place in the valley to buy your goods.

WM. WOLF.

IMPORTANT TO TRAVELERS.
—THE—
BUSH HOUSE!
BELLEFONTE, PA.

Has been recently thoroughly renovated and repaired, and under the management of the New Proprietor, Mr. F. D. McCOLLUM, formerly of Pittsburg, is first-class in all its appointments.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS

Are offered to those in attendance at court and others remaining in town for a few days at a time.

The largest and most superbly Designed Hotel in Central Pennsylvania.

All modern conveniences. Go try the Bush house.

19ap F. D. McCOLLUM, Proprietor.

IRA T. COTTLE.

Fashionable Tailor.
Centre Hall.

Having opened rooms on the 2nd floor of Wm. Wolf's warehouse, he is prepared to manufacture all kinds of men's and boy's garments, according to the latest styles, and upon shortest notice, and all work warranted to render satisfaction. Cutting and repairing done. 7sept y

Best flour for sale by the sack.

J. P. HARRIS, DANIEL HESS, J. A. BEAVER
WM. WOLF, WM. B. MINGLE.

PENNSVALLEY BANKING CO.
CENTRE HALL, PA.

RECEIVE DEPOSITS, and allow Interest; Discount Notes; Buy and Sell Government Securities, Gold and Coupons.

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No 6 Brockerhoff Row, Bellefonte, Pa

Dealers in Drugs, Chemicals, Perfumery, Fancy Goods &c. &c.

Pure Wines and Liquors for medicinal purposes always kept. may 31, 72.

D. F. LUSE,
PAINTER, CENTRE HALL, PA.,

offers his services to the citizens of Centre county in

House, Sign and Ornamental Painting,

Striping, ornamenting and gilding, Graining

OAK, WALNUT, CHESTNUT, Etc.

Plain and Fancy Paper hanging. Orders respectfully solicited. Terms reasonable. 20 apr tf.

CENTRE

THE CENTRE REPORTER.

THURSDAY AUG. 23, 1877.

TERMS.—$2 per year, when paid in advance; $2,50 when not paid in advance. Advertisements 20cts per line for three insertions, and 5 cents per line for every subsequent insertion. Advertisements by the year at a liberal discount.

LODGE MEETINGS.

CENTRE HALL LODGE, No. 895, I. O. of O. F., meets every Saturday evening in the Odd Fellows Hall.
J. M. GILLILAND, Sect. H. F. SANKEY, A. G.

OLD FORT LODGE, No. 857, F. A. M., meets on Monday evening on, or before each full moon in the Odd Fellows Hall.
C. F. HERLACHER, Sect. J. A. FLEMING, W. M.

PROGRESS GRANGE, No. 96, P of H., meets at their Hall, Centre Hall on the Saturday on or before full moon at 2 P. M. and every two weeks after, Leonard Rhone, Master. G. W. BOAL, Sect.

LOCAL ITEMS.

—STORE ROOM FOR RENT.—The undersigned offers the store-room, known as Herlacher's old stand, at Centre Hall, for rent. The stand is a desirable one in all respects. Possession can be had any time after April 1st, by applying to J HENRY KELLER at Centre Hall. tf.

—A rattlesnake six feet long was killed in Huntingdon county.

—There are about two dozen republican candidates for Sheriff in Huntingdon county.

—Get your marble work done at Heisler's Bellefonte Marble Works, if you want a handsome job.

—Newman in a new room, is ready to sell you a new suit, at the newest low prices, make you feel and look new to everybody, and your nearest relatives will think they never knew you.

—The old and well-known Oak Hall mill property, in Harris township, will be offered at public sale, on 11 of Sept., by J. W. & C. Stamm.

—Next week is court week, a fine opportunity for all to go to the excellent grocery of Sechler & Co., and see their stock of goods, and to price them. It is headquarters for anything in the grocery line. None others compete with them.

—Prof. G. W. Fortney supplied the pulpit in the Loop church, on Sabbath last—Rev. Fisher, the pastor, having been called away to a funeral.

—Yony Deininger last week had a small building erected on his lot, on Main street, which will be occupied by Miss Lucy Deininger as a millinery store. This makes Yony's second building for this summer.

—It is report ed that Levi A. Miller, of Bellefonte, has a 50 barrel oil well. Levi is a Reporter subscriber and that's what bro't him luck. If you wish to strike ile, take the Reporter.

—Let's have the next excursion to Reading—beer is only three cents a glass there.

—Mr. George Durst will move back again to his former property in Centre Hall, in course of a few months, having taken it from Mr. J. Henry Keller, in exchange for one of his (Durst's) farms east of Centre Hall.

—Wm Wagner, we see by last week's Republican, made an assault upon the editor of that paper, week before last, in front of the Bush House, knocking him down, and tearing his coat and shirt. The cause is a publication in the Republican hinting at the intemperate conduct of Wagner and some woman affair in Altoona. Wagner was arrested for assault and will answer at next court.

—Rev. Cyrus Jeffries, formerly a resident of Centre county, but late of Burnt Cabins, on the line of Fulton and Huntingdon counties, died very sudden of paralysis, on Sunday last, while on a visit to New Jersey. He was just in the act of speaking, when this paralytic stroke seized him.

—Died in New Berlin, Aug. 10, William Burd, aged 99 years and 10 months. [He was the oldest person in the vicinity of New Berlin, and probably in Union county. On the last 4th of July he was anxious to have a gun to celebrate the 4th once more.]

—The question, What nationality owns the North Pole? is gravely discussed by Chambers's Journal.

Lets first find out what wood it is made of, and who stuck it into the mud away up there.

—The Concord (N. H.) Monitor says Gen. D. K. Jackman's estate will probably reach a million dollars. He had a life insurance of fifty thousand dollars.

—The Nursey, for September, is on our table. It is an illustrated children's monthly, and their favorite. J. L. Shorey, Boston, $1,60 per year.

—Total eclipse of the moon to-night, 23. Next day go to Sechler's for cheap and good groceries, prices are down.

—At the closing of our forms, for last week's issue, in the hurry to gain time to afford hands time for attending the excursion, a portion of undistributed matter remained standing from the previous issue, and got mixed in with the account of the burning of a poor house. Mistakes will happen—even when a fellow gets married it's a *miss*-take.

—Regular trains run from Spring Mills since Monday last, 13. Train arrives at Spring Mills at 1.40, noon, and leaves Spring Mills for Lewisburg at 2 10 p. m. Same train at Coburn (Forks) arrives at 1.00, and leaves at 2 45.

—B. I. T. W. 49 A. R. M. S. Y. F. A. C., being translated means, "Best in the World, 49cts, 'Asiatic Relief' may save you from a coffin." It cures cramp, colic, diarrhea, dysentery, summer complaint, cholera morbus, cholera infantum, sick headache, fever and ague, and applied externally cures sprains, bruises, boils, chilblains, neuralgia, rheumatic affections, pain in the side, back, loins and limbs. It is one of the best family medicines in use. A single bottle will establish its reputation in the neighborhood. Ask your druggist or merchant for "Asiatic Relief," or Vegetable Pain Eradicator. Take no other.

—We print envelopes as low as $1 per thousand. Send us your envelopes. We print letter heads, and statements as low as $1,25 per 1000, when persons find the paper. This is lower than you can get it done for in the city.

—FOR SALE.—a new Golden Tongue Organ, warranted. Will be sold very low. Inquire at this office. tf.

AUGUST COURT—GRAND JURORS.

College—P. Shultz, Wm. Grove.
Boggs—Em Shroyer, J. Poorman, jr.
Curtin—C. Singer.
Miles—Jos. K. Weber.
Potter—John Harper.
Huston—R. Robmen, jr., H. G. Cronister.
Ferguson—John Musser.
Bellefonte—W. Thp. Tripple, F. Steinhecker, L. D. Lieb.
Rush—J. Williamson, W. Miller.
Patton—D. Behres.
Liberty—J. W. James.
Harris—Jacob Condo.
Spring—Jno. Woods, P. N. Barnhart, D. Klepper.
Howard—B. Lauth, S. T. Kline.
Snowshoe—J. Walker.

Traverse Jurors.

Spring—J. M. Furey, S. Miller, Jas. Brooks.
Gregg—W. Heckman, W. W. Nees.
Walker—E. S. Berkstresser, M. Shafer, Jesse Swartz, G. Lutz.
Liberty—O. Fowler, A. Hoobler, H. C. Holter.
Howard—W. P. Wakler, J. M'Elwaine, J. Haines.
Boggs—J. Hubler, P. W. Barnhart, J Kitchen, J. B. M'Cutchion, B. Snyder.
Philipsburg—G. F. Hoop, J. Mayer.
Worth—A P. Stears, J. Marks.
Patton—W. I. Thompson, C. Hartsock, H. Pennington.
Penn—And. Stover, Thos. Frank, C. Held.
Bellefonte—S. F. Foster, S. Harper.
Potter—Jacob Wagner, M. W. Gohen,
Unionville—S. B. Bathurst.
Miesburg—D. Boileau, A. Moore, W. Wilkey.
Snowshoe—A. Whitman.
Haines—D. L. Brown, J. F. Kramer.
Taylor—W. Merryman.
Ferguson—R. Krider, B. F. Homan.
Curtin—J. P. Dehass.
Beaner—W. Ishler, J. Henderson,
Miles—T. R. Zeigler.

EXCURSION INCIDENTS.—Spring Mills on the morning of the 15th looked like a busy city depot—crowds of people and hundreds of all kinds of conveyances that brought excursionists. Maj. Fisher had the first departing train under his care, with Messrs. Evans, Ratick, Pealer and Jameson as train agents.

The second train was under the control of Wm. Wolf, of Centre Hall, with Messrs. Jacob Harpster, And. Gregg and D. Brisbin as train agents.

All the Pennsvalley bands—Centre Hall, Farmers' Mills, Millheim, and Rebersburg, one for each train—went with the excursion.

The country around Coburn looked like a camp-meeting, with horses and people. The trains were under control of Col. Coburn and his assistants, whose names we did not learn.

Going down, and through the tunnel, a fellow took the opportunity afforded by the darkness to give his gal an extra hug and loud kiss, but the light broke in a little too soon, and his predicament caused much merriment among the passengers who heard the kiss and saw the squeeze.

A number of fellows who had never rode on a car before greatly annoyed the passengers in some of the cars, by constantly running from one car to another.

Centre county treated all to lemonade on the grounds—using a barrel of sugar and a number of boxes of lemons—free. Some drank more lemonade than altogether before in their lives.

About 2 o'clock the water at Centre county head-quarters gave out, and lemonade ceased to flow. The cause was ascertained to be this: The free lemonade naturally set all the other 5 cents a-glass stands dry, and they hit upon the sharp game to bribe the man who hauled the water to quit.

Five minute trains ran from the grounds to Lewisburg.

—The turn-table at Spring Mills is an old one, and does not work satisfactorily; the new one intended for that point was burned by the mob at Pittsburg. Thestation house is now about completed, and our efficient young friend, Wallace Duncan, is the appointed agent. The station house at Coburn (Forks) is also finished, and Mr. Charles Husten, a young man and nephew of Col. Coburn, is the agent.

—Geo. Stover's handsome new hotel at the Forks, will be open in about 5 weeks with Perry Stover as landlord.

—That old and well-known Lewisburg firm, Walls, Smith & Co., will go into the grain, store and coal business, at the Forks, shortly, and erect suitable buildings for their accomodation. That point will be a busy little town in less than five years. Mark that.

—Water melons with a fly in—did you ever hear of it?—a Centre Haller tells us, were sold at the Clintonville camp meeting last week. This is the way it was done: The melons had an opening cut into them and a small bottle of whisky inserted, and they went like wild fire.

—Gregg township is agitated by an effort that is now being made to abolish the Independent School district and merge it with the balance of the township, which the citizens of the Ind. Dist. are resisting. The township alleges that its taxation is increased by the exclusion of that territory from the balance for school purposes, and hence has petitioned court to have it abolished. A hearing was had at Spring Mills, occupying the whole of last week, before Eve. Blanchardas Commissioner appointed by Court to take evidence. The Attorneys on one side were Beaver and Gephart, and on the other Alexander and Bower. The Ind. District has existed some 20 years.

—The Republican says on last Thursday night, 9th, three horses were stolen, two out of a pasture field belonging to John C. Krumrine, of Ferguson township, and one out of a stable belonging to Isaac Mulbury, of Benner township. The two taken from the pasture field were branded, but the one taken from the stable was not. The thieves were traced a short distance and seemed to have taken the direction towards Stonevalley. Runners were sent out on all the roads leading from the place where the robbery was committed. A reward of fifty dollars is offered for information that will lead to the detection of any one of the thieves or the recovery of any one of the horses.

Mr. Krumrine's horses were found in a field at Puddentown, and looked as though they had been under severe riders.

BROKE JAIL AND RECAPTURED.—Stewart Walker, the horse thief, who stole Senator Peale's mare, broke jail on last Thursday evening between eight and nine o'clock, and, together with the two Gallagher brothers—the silver thieves—made an escape. Bills were immediately issued by the Sheriff describing the three individuals, and offering $125 for their recapture. They were caught about three or five miles from Pine Grove Mills and brought to town on Saturday last, the particulars of their wanderings and their arrest being given below in Walker's own language, as told to a reporter of the Republican, who visited him in his cell on Monday last. Walker said:

Well, everybody knows it, and I'm willing they should. The game's up, and I suppose if the Republican tells it everybody will then know it. We had the run of the hall here together, and concocted a plan of escape. Taking advantage of the absence of the Sheriff, we passed into the dungeon, then tore out some small partition which admitted us to the cellar. From thence we easily cut our way through the floor into the kitchen, from whence we had only to walk out into the open air and we were free men again. We jumped the fences and proceeded in a southerly direction, but when I reached the Catholic cemetery I was obliged to rest on account of bleeding at the lungs, caused by overheating myself and irritating my wound. With the assistance of my comrades, however, I succeeded in walking nearly all night, and the next morning we came out on Nittany mountain only a couple of miles from Centre Hall. We pressed on over and into and across Pennsvalley and struck Tussey mountain about three miles from Boalsburg. This was Friday afternoon and we had nothing to eat up to this time. I was forced from exhaustion to go to a house and buy something to eat. We then went on to within about five miles from Pine Grove Mills, in which location we found ourselves early Saturday morning. My comrades being afraid I again ventured to a house to buy something to eat. I was so exhausted I did not care much if I was recaptured, so that I got something to eat. I went to the house about 7 o'clock in the morning. This proved to be the house of a Mr. Miller, and after the woman had given us our breakfast she went to the field and told her husband that she believed we were the parties advertised. Her husband then came to the house, got his rifle and pointed it at me, and at the same time called to a neighbor for assistance. I told them I was on a hunting excursion, but they thought it was too thin a story, and read the description of me to myself, when I said I guessed it hit me pretty well. I tore away from the two, when four others came, and soon I was surrounded by about fifty, and they went and brought my comrades.

R.—Why did your comrades not escape during this time.

W.—They declared they would not leave me, and as a matter of honor stuck by me.

R.—Why did you not separate, in order to more effectually elude the officers?

W.—Because I was unable to travel without their assistance, as a good portion of the time they were obliged to bolster me up between them. And another reason was because I had all the money with which to buy what we were bound to purchase to eat.—Watchman.

—The Mifflinburg Telegraph says it is informed that Walls, Smith & Co., of Lewisburg, have purchased several acres of ground at Coburn Station, Centre county, for the purpose of erecting a Grain House, Store Room, and Coal Yard, embracing all the ground lying between the railroad and Penn's Creek, opposite the depot. They expect to break ground for the Grain House next week. There are several buildings in process of erection now at this point, among the rest a large hotel, put up by Geo. Stover; another building by a party from Rebersburg, to be used as a tailor shop, and confectionery store. Coburn will no doubt become the business center in that section.

—If you want the best roasted coffee, or the richest cheese, finest dollar teas, green, black and Japan, the best brands canned fruits, sugars, syrups, rice, hominy, dried fruits, sugar cured hams, dried beef, always go to Sechler's, and you get the freshest, best and cheapest.

—All the Penns Valley brass bands were at the Harvest Home pic-nic at Lewisburg, last week—the Centre Hall, Farmers' Mills, Millheim and Rebersburg, and all furnished excellent music, such at least was the verdict of the crowd.

—The venerable ex-justice of Penn township, Mr. Jacob Harter, through a fall caused by a spell of dizziness, broke his thigh, one day last week.

—On last Monday night an attempt was made to enter the dwelling of Wm. P. Shoop, of this place, by boring several holes around the staple that fastens the cellar door. The attempt proved a failure, however. Same night, no doubt same party, stole from the buggy of Rev. Fischer, next door to Mr. Shoop, a good lap robe, apron, and buggy curtains.

—We hear a report of the shooting of a horse thief at Howard, a few days ago. The horse was said to have been stolen from Mr. ——, in Ferguson township. Learned no further particulars.

—Judge Allison, of Howard, honored our sanctum with a visit on Tuesday morning.

—On last Monday night some one maliciously entered the stable of Dr. Alexander, in this place, and cut and mutilated his harness and fly-net.

—Mr. Aaron D. Rishel, son of John Rishel, esq., of Potter township, who moved to Missouri last spring, writes us, date Marshfield, Aug. 13, as follows:

We have been here for some time and like this country right well. There is an abundance of the nicest peaches, water melons, and sweet potatoes. The wheat was good and all appearance for a good corn crop. The corn grows very high here. Southwest Missouri has plenty of land for sale—cultivated land and unimproved, selling at very low prices. Persons wishing to buy a home cheap should come here. It is a great place for stock-raising.

CLOTHING.—Go to Newmans store, Bellefonte, and see his new stock of clothing. He has men's, youth's and children's suits, which are selling as cheap as the cheapest. Give him a call, if you wish to secure a bargain. His stock and prices cannot be excelled by any other store in the county.

—Rev. J. A. Hackenburg, has tendered his resignation as pastor of the Lutheran church Muncy.

—Next week the Pennsvalley mail route will be from Spring Mills to Centre Hall, by stage, the route coming by rail to former place. A new route will be from Forks, to Millheim, Aaronsburg and Woodward.

—The next annual pic-nic, of the Centre Co., Grangers, will be held on Nittany mountain, near Centre Hall, September 17.

—The Bellefonte Luth. Sabbath school, held a pic-nic, on the mountain, above this place, on Tuesday.

—Weather is fine and warm. Farmers are wishing for rain.

—Capt. Hunter, of Halfmoon, called in to see us on Tuesday. He says his tobacco crop looks promising.

—Mr. Fred. Arnold has stalks of sweet corn in his lot, some of which measure 11 feet and 7 inches in height.

LEWIS AND CONNELLY.

Reminiscence of the Bandits of Sixty Years Ago.

The Harrisburg Patriot recently published a "Reminiscence of Sixty Years Ago," in relation to the celebrated robbers, Lewis and Connelly, who roamed from Laurel Hill, west of the Alleghenies, to the Susquehanna on the east, and from the Maryland line on the south to the West Branch on the north, more than half a century ago. Some of the incidents related in the Patriot's article have been questioned, but the following from a venerable citizen of Bellefonte, furnished the Republican of that place, may be taken as a true account of the closing career of these bandits:

There are a few incidents in the subsequent lives of these desperadoes (Lewis and Connelly) remembered by the writer, which perhaps may not be uninteresting to the present generation.

About the time referred to in the article Lewis and Connelly, with an accomplice by the name of M'Guire, attacked a wagon loaded with store goods in what is known as the "Seven Mountains," belonging to Hammond & Page, then merchants of Bellefonte, and succeeded in carrying off a valuable part of the cargo, consisting mainly of dry goods, a portion of which were afterwards found secreted in the mountains.

Some time afterward they came to Potter's Mills in Penns Valley, where they made an attempt to enter the store of J. & J. Potter, at that time kept in an old log building under the superintendence of John Kerr, assisted by Jacob G. Lebo, a clerk. Kerr and Lebo, having been aroused, made some demonstration, which caused them to leave without securing much plunder. The latter gave them the contents of an old shot gun, when it was said Connelly proposed returning a rifle ball, but was prevented by Lewis.

The next heard of them was that they had gone to the home of Lewis on the Sinnemahoning creek, in what is now Clinton county. At this period the whole community was alarmed at the depredations they were committing, and hence it was extremely desirable that an effort should be made to arrest them.

A party of reputable citizens of Bellefonte, namely Hon. John Mitchel, afterwards canal commissioner and for a number of years a member of congress from this district; James M'Ghee, a prominent member and supporter of the M. E. Church; John Hall, the father of our county commissioner and a very intelligent and influential man; Major William Armour, familiarly known as one of the best, if not the very best fifers in the whole country; Peter Deisel, a one armed man, and Samuel Askey, who was undoubtedly the most noted back-woods hunter in northern and western Pennsylvania, composed the party who started with their rifles in pursuit.

It was considered a daring undertaking, and many advised them not to attempt it, as these brigands were the terror of the whole community, and it was believed they were desperate men, who would never surrender with their lives. A braver and more determined set of men never started out on such an enterprise, and, as the result showed, were just suited for the occasion.

Having traveled on foot for a week or more through the woods, there being no roads of any kind, with their provisions in their knapsacks, in addition to the game they secured, they finally approached a house on the Sinnemahoning, and from an adjacent hill top at some distance, discovered a party of men shooting at a mark. Satisfied that Lewis, Connelly and M'Guire were among, and having first examined their guns and picked their flints, they made a sudden raid down the hill and surprised the marksmen, when firing commenced on both sides, to the great consternation of all concerned. Owing to the fact that the pursuers were prepared for the contest, and the pursued unaware of their approach, the former had the advantage, and, as a consequence, the victory was gained by the noble men who risked their lives for the welfare of their fellow citizens.

It was an act of bravor and courage seldom witnessed, and should have secured for the participants a monument to their bravery. They have all long since passed away.

Connelly ran to a spring house near by, where, as he was reloading his rifle, he was mortally wounded. After receiving the shot he made his way to the forks of a tree, to which he was traced by the flow of blood from his wound. He died the same day and was buried in that locality. Lewis was shot in the arm by, it is said, Peter Deisel although this was not certainly known, as from the promiscuous firing it might have been done by another; and they all preferred sharing the responsibility of taking life, under the circumstances, rather than placing it upon one of their number.

He was brought to Bellefonte in a two horse wagon, covered with a muslin sheet, on the evening of a very sultry day, and, as may be supposed, to the great relief of all the inhabitants. He was taken to the front room in what was known as the old jail, where he died from the effects of the wound. It was the opinion of the attendant physician that he might have survived, but for his refusal to submit to an amputation of his arm, which afterwards mortified and caused his death.

Every attention was paid to Lewis by the citizens of the town, especially the ladies, during his sickness, and much sympathy was felt for him in consequence of the impression which prevailed that among his bad ones he had some good qualities—one of which was his aversion to taking life in pursuance of his calling, and another his preference for robbing the rich that he might give to the poor. It is not known to the writer what became of M'Guire. He had been frequently arrested and imprisoned, but usually made his escape, and it was the general opinion that there was no jail in the country sufficiently strong to hold him. He had the reputation of being particularly expert in this respect. They had all been frequently concerned in the robbery of the mails and passengers in stage coaches, but neither, it is believed, were ever captured.

—Strohm's store in the Loop was robbed, Monday night, door bored open, and goods to amount of about $25 stolen.

—Two hams were stolen from Amos Oberdorf's smoke house recently.

For the Reporter.

REBERSBURG & VICINITY.

There were over 200 tickets sold in Rebersburg for the late Harvest Home pic-nic.

We have now no less than three dentists in our community and yet some complain of toothache a whole week.

Charles Weaver has returned from a Western tour. He principally traveled through the northern part of Illinois and speaks favorable as to business.

Wanted—a Life Insurance agent in our burg. It is supposed that he could do well insuring the limbs of such that regularly promenade the streets. Our side-walks are in a deplorable condition. There are of course a few exceptions and we trust the many will take the few for an example.

Our valley was fully represented at the Sugar Valley camp meeting. There were in attendance several thousands. Hucksters had to keep their distance. The preaching was quite sharp and to the point. Brush Valley camp meeting will begin on the 23 of this month.

S. Frank and R. Kreamer are about getting another kiln of brick made. R. K. intends to build a brick house in our town before a great while.

The coal digging near Wolfe's on the farm of Ed. Houts is still going on. The prospects are good and the hands are sure of finding coal before long. The community did not undergo a strike, probably being there is no railroad close at hand. HEW MOR.

MUSICAL ENTERTAINMENT.—On Friday evening, 10th, according to advertisement, a concert was given in the M. E. Church of this town, by the Meek Family, of Pine Grove Mills. The programme consisted of solos, duets, trios, and a number of four part pieces—sacred and social. The entertainment was a rare treat to the lovers of song. The family consisted of Mr. Meek and his three daughters, all of whom appear to be called to the "Ministry of Song," to which Mr. Meek himself has devoted most of his life. To say that the music was very fine, and the rendition of the pieces, good, would simply be to confirm the impression generally entertained. We could listen to entertainments of such a character quite frequently, and with profit. It would be an unmistakable evidence in favor of the prevalence of finer sensibilities and nobler sentiments, to see enterprises of this kind publicly encouraged. We learn that Mr. Meek and his daughters purpose traveling during the concert season, and we hope they will meet with the success their ability deserves.

On Saturday one hundred and eight cars of stock arrived at Omaha, Neb., from the West for points East. Forty-four cars of tea went by the Northwestern road yesterday.

On Wednesday, near Geneva, Filmore county, Nebraska, during the prevalence of a thunder storm, Wm. Bowman, a well known citizen, was instantly killed by lightning while riding in his wagon.

The Supreme Lodge of the Knights of Pythias, which has been in session in Cleveland, adjourned at a late hour Friday night, to meet at Indianapolis, on the fourth Tuesday of August, 1878.

Several cotton mills at Blackburn, England, have commenced running on short time. It is expected that in a few days the movement will become general throughout the Blackburn district.

Seven thousand two hundred men will go from Spain to Cuba between now and the 20th of September.

King Alfonso of Spain received Lowell, the newly appointed U. S. Minister to Spain, on Saturday. Lowell spoke in very flattering terms of Spain. The King replied in a similar friendly tone. No allusion was made to Cuba.

Ex-President Grant has arrived at Copenhagen. He will visit his sister, who married Dr. Cramer, the American Minister.

RECORD YOUR DEEDS.

The attention of persons holding unrecorded deeds, is directed to the provisions of the Act of Assembly, which requires, that—

"All deeds and conveyances for real estate in this Commonwealth, shall be recorded in the office for Recording Deeds in the county where the lands lie, *within six months* after the execution of such deeds and conveyances; and every such deed and conveyance not recorded as aforesaid, shall be adjudged FRAUDULENT AND VOID against any subsequent purchaser for a valuable consideration unless such deeds be recorded before the recording of the deed or conveyance under which such subsequent purchaser or mortgage shall claim."

Those holding unrecorded deeds will see the importance of having them recorded without further delay.

HARDWARE & STOVES. HARDWARE & STOVES.

THOMAS A. HICKS & BRO.

We have a very large and complete stock of Hardware, the largest that was ever before offered by any firm to the people of this county, and are selling at the very lowest possible rates

Iron, Steel and Nails, Locks, Glass and Putty,

Pure White Leads and Linseed Oil; Turpentines and Varnishes, all which we warrant to give satisfaction. Our Pure Lead will cover as much surface as any in the market and cannot be excelled for whiteness. READY MIXED PAINT put up in any quantity to suit people, from one-pound cans to one gallon cans, all ready for use. These paints we warrant to be mixed with pure lead and oil, and are free from all adulteration.

MECHANICS' TOOLS.—We pay special attention to this branch, and keep a full line of Saws, Chisels, Hammers and Bailey's Iron Planes; Horse nails of all kinds, Trace Chains, Hames, Etc. FULL LINE OF SADDLERY OF ALL DESCRIPTIONS. COACH WOOD WORK.—Spokes, Felloes, Patent Wheels of the most improved patterns; Mrs. Potts' Improved Flat Irons, cheap, convenient and durable—polished and nickel-plated. Johnston's Prepared Kalsomine; put up in 6-pound packages; easily put on, and cheaper than paper. We have all colors.

STOVES.

We have the only Reversible, Top-plate Cooking Steves in the market. The Keystone, Susquehanna and Juniata, which we warrant to be the best bakers and the heaviest stoves in the market, we will sell at the very lowest price and give written guarantees. Also all kinds of Ranges and other stoves. COME AND SEE OUR KEYSTONE COOK STOVE; IT IS THE HANDSOMEST IN THE WORLD.

A curious discovery has lately been made, while repairing the house formerly occupied by the Jacobin Club during the great Revolution, and known as the Hotel de Londres, in the Rue St. Hyacinthe, St. Honre. The Club, which guided the destinies of the revolution during some few years, had often boasted of allowing the ambition of Robespierre and other leaders to progess so far, and no farther; and the members by vote had passed a law which entitled the majority to exclude from any particular *seance* any particular member whose interests might lead him to sway the opinion of the Club. Robespierre, whose ambition had rendered him an object of suspicion, had often been voted out of the assembly; and it has been a matter of surprise to the historian of the time, that he could so long maintain his influence in spite of the violence of the opposition thus permitted. The secret is now revealed A small room—a hiding place in the thickness of the wall—has just been discovered, opening by a trap-door into the very hall where the deliberations were being carried on, and whence he could listen to the measures to be taken against him, and thus forearmed, have power to defeat them. It is evident that this hiding place must have been occupied by Robespierre; and when first entered by the workmen the traces of his presence were still visible in the journal which lay upon the table, and the writing-paper, from which had been torn a small portion, as if for the purpose of making a memorandum. The only book which was found in the place was a volume of Florain, open at the second chapter of Claudine. It was covered with snuff, which had evidently been shaken from the reader's shirt-frill, and bore testimony to the truth of history which records the simplicity of the literary tastes of Robespierre. His presence seemed still to hang about that small space, as though he had quitted it but the moment before; and, singular enough, the marks of the feet, as though he had recently trodden through the mud, were still visible on the tiles of which the flooring is composed.—*Potter's American Monthly.*

Announcement.

We are authorized to announce the name of David F. Fortney, of Bellefonte, for the office of District Attorney, subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

We are authorized to announce J. M. Keichline, Esq., of Bellefonte, as a candidate for District Attorney. Subject to the decision of the Democratic county convention.

BELLEFONTE MARKETS.—by Shortlidge & Co.

Flour per barrel, wholesale, $ 8 00.
" retail, $9 00.
White wheat, 1 30.
Red " 1 30
Rye, 60.
Corn, shelled, 60
Corn, cob, 60.
Oats, 30.
Barley, rye weight, 56.
Cloverseed $5 per 64 pounds.
Potatoes retail, 30
Nova Scotia plaster, ground, 10 00.
Cayuga " $9 00.

—Lincoln Butter Powder, makes butter sweet and hard, and quicker to churn Try it—for sale at Wm. Wolf's store.

MARRIED.

On the 16th inst., at the residence of Mr. E. L. Bergstresser, Hublersburg, by Rev. J. A. Bright, Mr. Nelson Caldwell, of Beech Creek, to Mrs. Lizzie Nicholas, of Philadelphia.

On 31st, ult., by Rev. W. H. Groh, Mr. John M. Rager and Miss Sarah R. McBath, both from State College.

On the 2nd, by the same, Mr. John A. Rupp, and Clara R. Bross, both from Linden Hall.

On 16th, by the same, Mr. Michael Spicher, of Potter township, and Miss Kate Stine, of Spring township.

On 1, by Rev. Landis, Mr. Henry A. Moyer, to Miss Terresta Snook, both of Sugar Valley.

On 21, by the same, Mr. Oliver K. Forester, of Mifflinburg, to Miss Sallie C. Weber of Rebersburg.

On 19, by the same, Mr. George W. Reem, of Farmerville, this county, to Miss Anna Schreckenast, of Sugar Valley.

On 19, by Rev. F. Aurand, John S Gift, to Miss U. A. Wolf, both of Booneville.

On the 29th ult., by Rev. F. Aurand, J. Willis Musser, of Millheim, and Miss Joanna C. Weaver, of Aaronsburg.

DIED.

At his residence in Nittany Valley, July 24, Mr. Hiram Kilday, aged 64 years, 11 months and 12 days. He was a worthy member of the M. E. Church for 33 years. His end was peace.

On Aug. 3, at Stormstown, Dr. James McKee, aged 63 years, 7 months and 9 days.

On 18th, in Ferguson township, Henry Kreps, aged near 68 years. Mr. Kreps was an old and respected citizen of Ferguson, and widely known.

In Lock Haven, Aug. 5, of cholera infantum, Mabel Eva, twin daughter of John D. and Sarah J. McClintick, aged 3 months and 29 days. August 11, Mellville Myers, twin brother of the above, of the same disease, aged 4 months and 6 days.

On 11, at Lemont, Daniel Mokel, aged 66 years, 4 months and 21 days.

On August 17, at Spring Mills, Elizabeth Hoover, wife of Thomas Hoover, aged 41 years, 5 months and 17 days.

On 15, at Boalsburg, Mr. John C. Bucker, aged 49 years, 11 months and 28 days.

What Sample Tea is.

Every Cargo of Tea, on arriving in this country, is Sampled by the Importer to the extent of from 1,000 to 5,000 pounds, which teas, being out of the original packages, become useless to the Importer after the Cargo is sold. We contract for these Teas at cost of Importation, (including "Sample Packages,") which are then thoroughly classified and packed by our New York House. OUR TEAS AT 40c and 50c A POUND.

Equal in every respect those retailed elsewhere for double the Money.

At a saving of three profits to the Consumer

THOMAS CHUTE & CO.
No. 131 Water st.,
New York.

We guarantee Every package.
9aug tf

Jas. Welch, Sole Agent for Centre Co. For Sale by Jas. Welch, Bellefonte, Pa.

WM. P. WILSON, Attorney-at-Law, Bellefonte Pa. Office in Mrs. Benner's Building, Bellefonte Pa.

SPRING, - - - - - - - - 1877.

WE ARE NOW PREPARED.

FOR THE SPRING TRADE.

WE HAVE THE GOODS!

PRICES LOW!

Selection Unsurpassed! Stock Large.

And now we extend a cordial invitation to our friends, patrons and the public generally. We will say this, Come! if we do not show you

THE BEST SELECTED STOCK

AT PRICES LOWER THAN USUAL,

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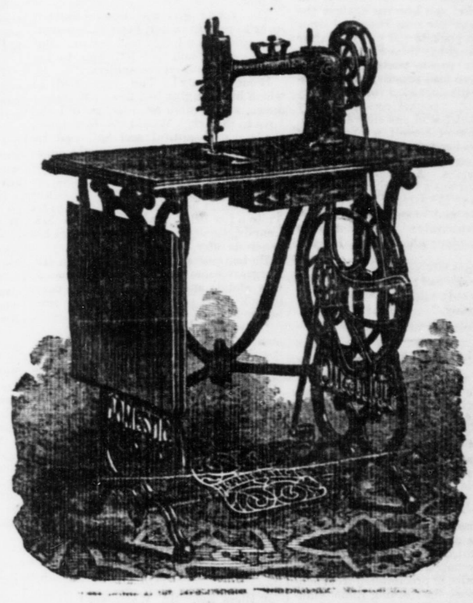

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DRUGS & MEDICINES,
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Patent Medicines, Alcohol, pure Wines and Liquors for medical purposes only. Physician's prescriptions carefully compounded and orders answered with care and dispatch. Farmers and Physicians from the country will find our stock of Medicines complete, warranted genuine and of the best quality.

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BRICK FOR SALE.—First class brick will be kept on hand for sale by J. O. Deininger at Zerbe's Centre Hall brick yards. These brick are offered so low that it will pay persons at a distance to come here for them.

Intending to continue in the manufacture of brick they will be kept constantly on hand, and fair inducements offered to purchasers.

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960,000 ACRES in Southwest Missouri.

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Free transportation from St. Louis to the lands furnished purchasers. For further information, address A. L. DEANE, Land Commissioner St. Louis & San Francisco Ry. Co., N. W. cor. Fifth and Walnut streets, St. Louis, Mo. 9au 4t

ADMINISTRATOR'S NOTICE.—Letters of administration on the estate of Jacob Moyer, late of Potter twp, dec'd, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons knowing themselves to be indebted to said decedent are requested to make immediate payment, and persons having claims against the estate will present them authenticated for settlement.

GEORGE REIBER,
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CENTRE HALL
DRUG STORE.
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Dealer in Pure Drugs and Medicines, Dye stuffs, and Druggist's sundries.
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PAINTS,
OILS, ETC.,
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Sinking Creek Mills.

This old, and well-known Grist-mill, in Potter township, is now superintended by Mr. D. M. COWHER, one of the best experienced millers in Central Penns, who has rendered the utmost satisfaction wherever he has been, and understands the milling business thoroughly. He WARRANTS HIS FLOUR, and all other work, sent out from Sinking Creek Mills, to give satisfaction, as to quantity and quality. If you want good bread let Mr. Cowher furnish your Grist. Grists delivered to Centre Hall twice a week by mill wagon.

Housekeepers, give Mr. Cowher a trial, and satisfy yourselves of the great superiority of the flour manufactured by him. 24may 3m.

A MAN
OF A THOUSAND.

Having discovered, in a manner almost providential, a positive cure for Consumption and all Lung Complaints, I feel it my duty to make known in a practical manner by furnishing a sample bottle, free of charge, to all sufferers, my only hope of remuneration being that the medicine will perform all I claim for it. The ingredients are of the choicest herbal products and perfectly safe; will be sent free to all. Address at once, Dr. O. Phelps Brown, 21 Grand Street, Jersey City, N. J., or may be had of J. K. Miller & Son, Druggists, Centre Hall, Pa. jan 4 1y.

Henry Reinhart.
WOODWARD.
UNDERTAK

FARM, GARDEN AND HOUSEHOLD.

Recipes.

POTATO SCOLLOPS.—Boil and mash the potatoes soft with a little milk; beat up light with melted butter, a dessert-spoonful for every half pint of the potato; salt and pepper to taste; fill some patty pans or buttered scallop shells with the mixture, and brown in an oven. Stamp a pattern on the top of each; glaze while hot with butter, and serve in the shells.

TO MAKE APPLE-SNOW.—Take one dozen apples, boil them over a slow fire until they are soft, then remove the skins and cores; beat the apples well with a wooden spoon until they become frothy; strain through a sieve; then beat the whites of twelve eggs until you can turn the dish upside down and not spill out; add half a pound of sifted refined sugar; mix it with the apples, then beat all together until it looks like snow; place it on a cake-dish, build it up as high as possible, place sponge-cake or lady-fingers around the sides like "charlotte russe."

EXTRA NICE JELLY.—Always use the best white sugar, either granulated or powdered; great care should be taken in weighing or measuring; also observe the time closely. To make peach jelly, use one-third of the kernels with the peaches, which should be pared, stoned and sliced; place the peaches and the kernels in a jar; place this jar in a pot of boiling water; stir from time to time until the fruit is all broken, then strain through a stout, coarse bag, and to every pint of peach-juice add the juice of one lemon, then measure again, allowing one pound of sugar to a pint of juice; heat the sugar very hot by placing it on pans in the oven, stirring occasionally so that it may not burn; when the juice has boiled just twenty minutes, add the sugar, let it come to a boil, and take it instantly from the fire; have your jelly-glasses rolled in hot water, and then fill them with the scalding liquid; when cold and firm, put tissue paper on the top of the jelly, paste a thick paper over the glass; keep in a dry place.

FRUIT CAKE.—Three cupfuls sugar, one cupful molasses, one and one-half cupfuls sour cream, one and one-half cupfuls butter, six eggs, one and one-half teaspoonfuls soda, three pounds raisins, one pound citron, two pounds currants, one teaspoonful cinnamon, one teaspoonful cloves, one teaspoonful spice, one whole nutmeg, one bottle lemon extract, flour enough to make a spoon stand straight up. Bake in a deep baking pan four hours. When cool, put in a stone jar and keep two or three weeks before cutting.

Budding Fruit-Trees.

There are two well-established methods now in very general use among experts in fruit-culture, for changing or multiplying varieties of the same class on the same tree, and both of these are simple and inexpensive. The first of these is known as grafting, and is only practiced on larger trees, and always in the spring before the foliage is developed. The other method, which is much more rapid, and quite as sure when properly done, is budding, and the time for doing this extends from the middle of July until the first of September. Whenever the bark separates easily from the wood, the buds may be set, with fair chances of success. The outfit for budding consists of some narrow strips of bass matting, such as comes on the inside of coffee bags, and a pocket knife with a single blade, with a small piece of ivory fastened in the end of the handle. When the incision is made the ivory is used to raise the bark up on either side, so that the bud may be pressed into place. The buds to be inserted should be cut from young, healthy trees, and always of the present year's growth, those that are most matured being selected. The leaves may then be clipped off the branch of buds, leaving say half an inch of the leaf stalk attached to the bud. Then with a keen-edged knife cut off each bud separately from a half to three-quarters of an inch in length, leaving a thin slice of wood back of the eye or bud. These should be kept moist and protected from the sun or air until set; exposure even for a short time may prove fatal.

When the whole top or any part of it is to be budded over, select the spot for each bud in a smooth part of the branch, not too large, say from one to two inches in diameter. On this part make an incision through the bark in the form of the capital letter T, and raise or separate the bark from the wood with the ivory on the handle of the knife. The bud may then be pressed into place, cutting off square the portion that goes above the cross incision. Then with a strip of the bass matting wrap firmly around the branch above and below the eye, fastening the end of the strip by a slip knot. This completes the operation, which can be successfully done even by a novice in less time than it takes to describe it.—*P. T. Quinn, in Scribner.*

The Value of Hen Manure.

If all the droppings from the roosts by hens be carefully saved in barrels, and every spring and fall this manure be composted with any good soil or muck from swamps, and so kept a few months, its value for any crop is equal to Peruvian guano, and it may, I think, be estimated at fifty cents per fowl per annum. From fifty hens I saved about ten barrels of the pure hen guano during the year. What I save from November to April I compost in the spring with soil. First I spread in a circle soil to the depth of three or four inches. Then I spread hen manure about an inch deep; then I spread another layer of soil, and then a layer of manure, till the heap is completed, using about four times the bulk of soil that I do of manure, the last layer being soil. The top of this compost heap I make flat, to catch the rains; then I cover it with any refuse hay or straw, then place some sticks of wood or boards against the covering to keep it in its place, and in two or three months it is ready to use, having become thoroughly incorporated with the soil; but, as the season for planting is then past mostly, I leave the heap till the next spring, when I use it with what I compost in November. Perhaps it would be better to make a compost in March, where the climate will admit, and use the manure for crops planted the last of May or early in June; but I can discover no loss by keeping it till the next season. A gill of this compost in a hill of corn will be equal in effect to a half-shovelful of stable dung.

Expression Among Poultry.

No inhabitants of a yard seem possessed of such a variety of expression and so copious a language as common poultry. Take a chicken of four or five days old and hold it up to a window where there are flies and it will immediately seize its prey with little twitterings of complacency; but if you tender it a wasp or a bee at once its note becomes harsh and expressive of disapprobation and a sense of danger. When a pullet is ready to lay she intimates the event by a joyous and easy soft note. Of all the occurrences of their life that of laying seems to be the most important, for no sooner has a hen disburdened herself than she rushes forth with a clamorous kind of joy which the cock and the rest of his mistresses immediately adopt. The tumult is not confined to the family concerned, but catches from yard to yard and spreads to every homestead within hearing till at last the whole village is in an uproar. As soon as a hen becomes a mother her new relation demands a new language. She then runs clucking and scudding about and seems agitated as if possessed. The father of the flock has also a considerable vocabulary. If he finds food he calls a favorite hen to partake, and if a bird of prey passes over with a warning voice he bids his family beware. The gallant chanticleer has at command his armorous phrases and his terms of defiance. But the sound by which he is best known is his crowing. By this he has been distinguished in all ages as the farmer's clock or larum—as the watchman that proclaims the divisions of night.

It is a great misfortune to have a fretful disposition. It takes the fragrance out of one's life, and leaves only weeds where a cheerful dispositition would cause flowers to bloom. The habit of fretting is one that grows rapidly unless it be sternly repressed; and the best way to overcome it is to try always to look on the cheerful side of things.

Words of Wisdom.

Too much gravity argues a shallow mind.

Joys are our wings, sorrows are our spurs.

The beams of joy are made hotter by reflection.

There is in jealousy more of self-love than of love.

Love those who advise but not those who praise you.

Joy—a moon by fits reflected in a swamp or watery bog.

Outward judgment often fails, inward justice never.

The only real bitter tears are those shed in solitude.

The surest remedy against scandal is to live it down.

The memory should be a storehouse, not a lumber-room.

Frowns blight young children as frostly nights blight young plants.

Everything, even piety, is dangerous in a man without judgment.

Confession of fault makes half amends. Denying a fault doubles it.

He who can conceal his joys is greater than he who can conceal his griefs.

Fortune is like a market, where, many times, if you wait, the price will fall.

Love often reillumes his extinguished flame at the torch of jealousy.

The world is an excellent judge in general, but a very bad one in particular.

An excuse is worse and more terrible than a lie, for an excuse is a lie guarded.

Gravity is a mysterious carriage of the body invented to cover the defects of the mind.

A man is a brute to be jealous of a good woman—a fool to be jealous of a worthless one.

Friendship is the medicine for all misfortune; but ingratitude dries up the fountain of all goodness.

A good man will be doing good wheresoever he is. His trade is a compound of charity and justice.

The vices of the rich and great are mistaken for errors, and those of the poor and lowly for crimes.

Cheerfulness makes the mind clear, gives tone to thought, and adds grace and beauty to the countenance.

Through woe we are taught to reflect, and we gather the honey of worldly wisdom not from flowers, but thorns.

There is nothing that is meritorious but virtue and friendship, and, indeed, friendship itself is but a part of virtue.

I scarcely exceed the middle age of man; yet between infancy and maturity I have seen ten revolutions.—*Lamartine*

The current coin of life is plain sound sense. We drive a more substantial and thriving trade with that than aught else.

If you have built castles in the air your work not need be lost. That is where they should be. Now put foundations under them.

The moral courage that will face obloquy in a good cause is a much rarer gift than the bodily valor that will confront death in a bad one.

Never seek to be entrusted with your friend's secret; for no matter how faithfully you may keep it, you may be liable in a thousand contingencies to the suspicion of having betrayed it.

We ought never to believe evil of any one till we are certain of it. We ought not to say anything that is rude and displeasing even in a joke; and we ought never to carry jokes too far.

An Ounce and a Ton Weight.

An ounce weight and a ton weight of iron will fall down a pit with equal speed and in equal time. Until about 300 years ago, all the learned men in the world disbelieved and denied it. Galileo, an Italian, taught the contrary to the popular belief. The University of Pisa challenged him to the proof. The leading tower of that city was just the place for such an experiment. Two balls were obtained and weighed, and one was found to be exactly double the weight of the other. Both were taken to the top. All Pisa looked on, and crowds of dignitaries were confident that young Galileo, then obscure and despised, but honored and immortalized now, would be proved to be in error. The two balls were dropped at the same instant. Old theory, and all the world, said that the large ball, being twice as heavy as the less, must come down in half the time. All eyes watched, and, lo! all eyes beheld them strike the earth at the same instant. Men then disbelieved their eyes, and repeated the experiment many times, but each with the same result. The little ball was big enough to destroy a theory 2,000 years old; and had it been little as a pea, it would have destroyed it just as well, or even more quickly.

How was it? Did not the earth draw down the large ball, which was double the weight of the smaller, with double the force? Did not the double weight indicate the double force? Yes, truly; but in drawing down the large ball there was a double force of resistance to be overcome, and as the two forces acted in a given proportion on the large ball, and in the same proportion on the less, the velocity of the two was equal, though in bulk they were unequal. Let us suppose that there be two wagons, one with a load of five tons, and the other ten tons, and that the unequal loads are drawn by an equal horse-power—should not their speed be equal, though their weights are unequal? No. There must be double horse-power to draw the double weight, to obtain equal speed. Let a ten-pound weight and a one-pound weight fall to the earth at the same time, and the earth must draw down the heavier weight with ten times greater force than the other that they may have equal speed, and it does so. A ton weight of iron and an ounce weight, leaving the top of a pit at the same instant, would, therefore, at the same instant fall to the bottom.

Getting the Best of Him.

The New Bedford (Mass.) *Mercury* relates that, not long since a gentleman traveling by rail from a neighboring city to Boston, purchased a glass of soda at a refreshment stand in a way station and gave the attendant a quarter. The latter apparently purposely delayed making change, and his customer was obliged to hurry on board the train with a feeling of having been cheated, and consequently "out" fifteen cents. At the next stopping place he rushed to the window of the telegraph office and dictated a message to be sent to the soda water man, and paid for by the recipient. It was as follows: "Do you sell foam at twenty-five cents a glass?" At every station where there was a chance he repeated this message. Upon reaching Boston, having thus revenged himself five times, he glided out of the depot and set off about his business, with a quiet smile of satisfaction irradiating his placid features that was refreshing to look upon. As for the soda water man that night after shutting up he drew up a little balance sheet on the fly leaf of his diary as follows: "Expenses of telegraphy, $1.25; extra profit on soda, fifteen cents; out, $1.10." Patrons of this establishment won't have to wait so long for their change after this as they did.

She Took Wood.

When a middle-aged housewife halted at a Detroit grocery, to ask the price of currants, she was told that they sold for a dollar a peck.

"Four dollars a bushe-e-e-l!" she almost shrieked.

"Yes'm."

"And do you think I'll buy 'em at that rate?"

"Yes'm."

"Well, I won't! It's a shame, sir, a burning shame, and I for one won't stand it! Why, sir, the idea of currants being four dollars per bushel when wood is only five dollars per cord! I'll buy wood, sir!"

"You don't have to saw and split and pile currants," remarked the grocer.

"Can't help it, can't help it," she replied as she moved on. "I like currant jell as well as anybody else, but you can't cord it up in the alley, and go out and look at it, and have forty men asking for a job, and warm your feet by it, and—why, I won't talk another minute, sir. Bub, where is there a woodyard around here?"

AN IDYL OF ICE-CREAM.

How the Girl Absorbed Countless Saucers and Bankrupted Her Beau.

It was the wild midnight. The tame midnight was off watch and had gone to bed three hours before. A storm brooded over the eastern heavens. It was a thoroughbred brood storm. Hop-brewed, for it was coming from the yeast. Hawkeye creek was rolling tumultuously in its sandy bed. A lithe form cowered at the garden gate. Many a manly form has been coward at just such gates, ever since summer nights and gnats and beauty and love and June bugs were invented.

"He does not come," she murmured, softly, as she peered into the darkness. "I cannot see him. I will call him."

She was wrong. If she couldn't see him, she certainly couldn't call him with the same hand. A manly step came scraping down the sidewalk. It was Desmond.

She threw open the gate, and the next instant he clasped in his great, strong arms twenty-seven yards of foulard, three yards of ruching, seven dozen Breton buttons and a pompadour panier as big as a doghouse. It was all his own.

"All is lost," he exclaimed. "Constance de Belvidere, the Russians have crossed the Balkans. We must fly."

Constance was a noble girl. She only said: "Whither shall we fly?"

He wanted to fly to some lone desert isle, but she submitted an amendment providing that they should fly to the ice-cream saloon.

They flew.

In the crowded saloon, where the soft light fell upon fair women and brave men, and the insects of a summer night fell in the ice-cream freezer. They spoke no word.

When two sentient human beings are engulfing spoonfuls of cornstarch and eggs and skim milk, language is a mockery.

At length Desmond broke the tender silence. He said:

"More, dearest?"

She smiled and bowed her lovely head, but did not speak. She was too full for utterance.

Desmond gloomily ordered more. And more when that was gone. And a supplement to that. And an addenda to that. And an exhibit to that.

Gloom sat enthroned upon his brow. Constance saw it. She said:

"What is it, dearest?"

A dreadful suspicion stabbed her heart like a knife.

"Desmond," she said, "you are not tired of me, darling?"

"By Heaven, no," he said, and then he looked (and thought) unutterable things.

Her brow lightened up with a ray of celestial intelligence.

"I see," she said, tapping the empty plate with her spoon. "Too cold. Signed, C. Morbus."

He denied it bitterly, and bade her remain where she was while he settled with the man.

She, guided by the unerring ins inct of her sex, peeped through the curtains of the saloon. She saw her Desmond holding earnest discussion with the man. She saw the man shake his head resolutely in answer to Desmond's pleading looks and appealing gestures. She saw him lock the door, take out the key, put it in his pocket and lean up against the door. She saw her own Desmond draw from his own pockets and pile up on the counter a pearl-handle pocket-knife, six nickels, four green postage-stamps, a watch-key, two lead pencils, a memorandum-book, a theater ticket (of the variety denomination), a pocket comb, an ivory toothpick, a shirt-stud, one sleeve-button, a photograph of herself, a package of trix, two street-car checks, a card with a funny story on it, a silk handkerchief and a pair of gloves. And then she knew that Desmond was a bankrupt, and when the man swept the assets of the concern into a drawer and opened the door she sobbed convulsively: "And it wast mine extravagance which hath did this thing."

They did not talk much on their way home. Once she had asked him if he was rich, and he only said:

"Enormously."

Such is fate.—*Burlington Hawkeye.*

Down the Andes by Hand-Car.

A writer says: At Anchi, 12,000 feet above the Pacific, the hand-car is loaded with its freight of six adventurous sightseers, closely braced together. It is of the ordinary construction and appearance, and does not offer any temptations to a pleasure excursion down the precipitous and tortuous gorge of the Rimac, except that it affords an unobstructed view of the shifting grandeur and terrors of the route. As we descend in our rough vehicle, at the rate of sixty miles an hour; flying across aerial viaducts, or dashing through sepulchral tunnels; threatened, now, to be crushed between converging mountain-walls, or precipitated from pendulous terraces, the foaming Rimac emulating the maddening speed; now glancing back to take a last look at the glistening pinnacles of the receding Andes; or, straining eagerly forward, to catch the first glimpse of the royal city of the plain and the shining ocean. The magnificence of the scenery and the magnitude of Mr. Meiggs' achievement break upon us with fresh force, and not for any peril of the way would we forego the exhilaration and novelty of the trip. Far otherwise was it with one of the party, a stately commodore. He, who could face unflinchingly a whole broadside of murderous missiles, sprang from the car after ten miles over the wildest part of the route, declaring that nothing would tempt him to repeat such a fool-hardy experiment. For the rest of us, the excitement and exhilaration of this mode of travel became so attractive that we often went to Anchi for the sole purpose of making the down-trip.

New York River Thieves.

The riches lying upon the wharves along the river front of New York tempt many petty thieves, who, when the attention of the cargadores is diverted, are magnanimously indifferent to the kind of spoil, and willingly pocket oranges or cocoanuts when no more valuable objects are within their reach. There is, besides, an organized society of river thieves, who do not limit themselves to the small peculations possible in daylight, but indulge in broad acts of piracy under the cover of night—boarding vessels, gagging the captains, and, in emergencies, committing murder. A special corps of police patrols the rivers in a small steamer called the Seneca, whose seemingly aimless cruises give opportunity for the close watching of all suspicious craft—for the thieves operate from the water as well as from the shore, and sometimes ply their vocation in what to untrained eyes is a simple pleasure boat—emerging from their refuge in the guise of fishermen or sailors, and operating in a manner both cautious and audacious. The stronghold of the river thieves is never permanent. It is transferred from point to point as often as the elusion of the police is necessary; and one day it may be in a dilapidated hut on a lonely spit of sand washed by the sea, and on the next under one of the unfrequented piers uptown.

The Czar's Liberality.

The czar is said to be a child in money matters. A most intimate friend, Count Adlerberg, is often in debt, and the czar since his accession to the throne, has ungrudgingly paid millions to release him from his embarrassments. One day last winter, the count appeared at court, coughing violently and looking very ill. "What is the matter with you, Adlerberg?" asked the czar. "Severe bronchitis, sire," replied the count. "My doctor says that I ought to go to Nice for a couple of months." Then why don't you go? I will give you leave." "I cannot afford the journey, sire." "Never mind the expense; I will defray that." The count brightened up. "I will defray the expense," in the emperor's mouth, could not mean less than ten or twenty thousand roubles. The next morning his majesty sent for the count, and graciously handed him a five hundred rouble note—less than $350, at the present rate of exchange, for a two months' trip from St. Petersburg to Nice and back again. Count Adlerberg got rid of his bronchitis in Russia.

THE ARTIST'S BRIDE.

It was a morning in early June—soft, warm and odorous.

In a large room, at the very top of an old-fashioned mansion, an artist stood before his easel, surveying the portrait which had just received the finishing touches from his long, pale fingers.

He turned suddenly away, as if a sharp pang had shot through his frame, and pressing his hand upon his heart, he coughed slightly, and in a moment his lips were red with blood.

"This will finish me, perhaps," said the boy, for he was but a child in years, and the lameness under which he suffered made him look young by reducing his height.

A light rap at the door made him start. He called, faintly, "Come in," and there entered a young girl of small and delicate figure, and a face which was absolutely startling in its beauty.

As she entered, Michael Waldmyer attempted to conceal the traces of his recent suffering, but her quick eye saw them, and she faltered and turned pale. "It is nothing—absolutely nothing, Madeline. It was only an accidental fit of coughing which produced it." Madeline looked mournfully at the blood drops on his clothes, and then at the crutches which leaned against his chair. He watched her look and smiled, for he was Madeline Hargrave's lover, even though he did have to use those appendages to his footsteps; and he knew that in her eyes they were no bar to his fame and no hindrance to his goodness.

"Why, here is father's picture all finished," said Madeline; "but, dearest Michael, he surely has not a face so stern and harsh as you have pictured him?"

"Just so he looked, Lina, when I asked him for your hand. He was absolutely terrible in his expression. I confess that I copied that very look. It was in my memory too strong not to be mingled with every touch of the brush.

"I must not stay here," she said, as she turned away from the contemplation of that pale face. "Papa is coming here, and I would rather not meet him."

He called her to his side again, and she bent over him with a loving smile.

"Let me show you this letter, dearest," he said, taking one from the table before him.

It was from a well-known gentleman of great wealth, who was noted for his liberality to young and indigent artists, and who had become singularly interested in Waldmyer. In the letter he had generously offered to take upon himself the whole expenses of a voyage to Italy and a year's study there, if he would go at once; promising patronage and influence after his return.

"Shall I go, Lina?"

"Go! certainly, you must and shall go, Michael. Why, you would be mad not to accept this offer. Besides, do you know that if you go to Italy and succeed—as I know you will—my father would be proud to receive you when you return under the auspices of such a man as Mr. Lennox? Nay, you will think me unmaidenly if I say all that I was about to utter."

Then, as if struck by a new thought, she said: "Yes, Italy will be the very thing for that terrible cough. Indeed, you will go, Michael—and go now, yes, go now."

The young girl was beseeching her lover to part from her, even with tearful eyes, and he smilingly told her so. But she persisted, and soon left him to his own meditations on the subject.

Rome! Italy! The very goal to which his thoughts had flown a thousand times, and so often returned, and fluttered to the ark. Would his feet touch the land so beautiful and hallowed by the art he loved? True, it would separate him from Madeline, but they were both young; and, as she said, when he had gained a name, perhaps he might dare to claim her. He decided to go, and wrote a few brief, grateful lines to Mr. Lennox, signifying his acceptance of his generous offer.

He had just sealed his letter when Mr. Hargrave came in. He was, as usual, very stately and magnificent. He came to look at his picture for the last time before it should be removed to his house.

"You have an expression there, young man" (he said this very pompously), "which I am not conscious of wearing. Will you amend your work in that respect?"

Waldmyer bowed acquiescence, and with a few strokes of the pencil, he changed the expression to a grave but pleasant one.

"Better, much better, and I flatter myself much more natural. When shall I send for this?"

"To-morrow, if you please, sir."

Mr. Hargrave gathered up his gloves and hat, and was leaving the room, when Waldmyer, who had exerted himself too much, was again attacked as before, and the red stream was flowing from his lips.

"Bless me, Mr. Waldmyer! let me call a physician." He could only answer by a sign not to do so. Mr. Hargrave handed him a glass of water and held it softly to his lips. He was touched by Waldmyer's gentle and patient look.

"I am truly sorry for you," he said, in a tone unlike his usual imperious one. "You must go to a warmer climate, Mr. Waldmyer. Unquestionably it would be better for you than this changeful one and novelty of the trip. Far otherwise was it with one of the party, a stately commodore. He, who could face unflinchingly a whole broadside of murderous missiles, sprang from the car after ten miles over the wildest part of the route, declaring that nothing would tempt him to repeat such a fool-hardy experiment. For the rest of us, the excitement and exhilaration of this mode of travel became so attractive that we often went to Anchi for the sole purpose of making the down-trip.

"If ever life was prosperously cast," it was that of the two beings whose love had endured so long and so well. It was not in Mr. Hargrave's nature to withstand the pleadings of Waldmyer and his two friends, Mr. Lennox and Alice; and there is not a happier little wife in the whole world than Lina Waldmyer, the artist's bride.

System.

Whatever you do have system about it. It is the greatest labor-saving machine in the world, and the cheapest, but it is not the easiest governed. It requires reason and management to control and exercise it. Yet, wherever it has been introduced, this great labor-saving machine has been a success, demonstrating to the world that it has saved its operator unnecessary manual labor, a multitude of perplexities, kept his workshop in order, and enabled him to perform correctly more by far than in its absence would have been possible. It has many a time kept its possessor from exasperating entanglements; it has saved him time and trouble; it has kept his business rectified while others have been confused. System! It has ever been a victor in war, it is the powerful scepter that the true statesman and the political economist wave in government, and it has been and still is the commonest stepping-stone to individual fortunes. Have system in your management, and you will find eventually it will outweigh the physical forces of energy without it.

A Bear Repulses an Alligator.

A party of six gentlemen were taking a sail up McGirt's creek, Florida, recently. While proceeding up the stream their attention was arrested by the spectacle of a black animal, which they took to be a hog, swimming from one bank to another. Suddenly the serrated back of an alligator, who doubtless considered himself insulted by the invasion of his domain, was seen cleaving the water in the direction of the intruder. As his ponderous jaws were about to close upon the victim, bruin raised one of his massive paws and bestowed a hearty twack upon the skull of the assurian, which caused him to disappear beneath the surface. He soon emerged again, but the near approach of the boat prevented a renewal of the contest. The party were, unfortunately, unprovided with weapons of any description. One of them, seizing a plank lying in the boat, struck the bear several blows, and another broke an oar over his head, but failed to prevent his reaching the bank, up which he scrambled more frightened than injured. He was well grown, weighing probably 250 pounds.

A Blind Man's Love.

The Springfield (Mo.) *Advertiser* of a recent date has the following: Last Thursday the Rev. J. D. Biggs officiated at a wedding of romantic interest. For a long time Mr. T. J. Hutchinson has loved Mrs. M. E. Hudson, both of this city, but he is totally blind, and for that reason felt a delicacy in making his love known. About the origin of this love nothing can be said. It could not be called "a love at first sight," but her voice was sweet and gentle, and its mild echoes penetrated to the blind man's heart, weighing him down with all the desponding sadness of hopeless love. In his grief he made a confidant of a lady friend, who divulged the secret to Mrs. Hudson, and carried the glad tidings back to the melancholy lover that his passion was returned. The joy he felt can never be told. The minor matters were soon arranged, and the happy nuptials were celebrated as mentioned.

SUMMARY OF NEWS.

Items of Interest from Home and Abroad.

The sum of one hundred thousand dollars was given by William H. Vanderbilt, president of the New York Central railroad, to the employees of the road for assisting in protecting the property of the company during the strike. ..... Attention in New York was drawn to the fact that during the labor troubles a number of men who had been compelled to leave their work to do duty in the military regiments to which they belonged had been discharged by their employers, and such action was severely commented upon and universally condemned by the newspapers of the city..... A fire in Rondout, N. Y., destroyed several buildings, causing a loss of $14,000, on which there is an insurance of $10,800..... The sultan of Turkey has appealed to Queen Victoria to use her influence with the czar to have a stop put to the shocking cruelties which, the Turkish ruler claims, are committed by Russian troops on Mussulmans..... Forty-six carpenters and joiners left New York for Manchester, England. They had been engaged by an English firm to take the place of striking workmen..... A revolution broke out at Port au Prince, Hayti, and a fire lasting two days raged in the city.

A London dispatch says the Turks won a great victory over the Russians at Plevna. The czar's troops were routed after two days fighting, with a loss of 8,000 killed and 16,000 wounded..... Frank Walworth, who murdered his father in a hotel in New York a few years ago, and was sentenced to imprisonment for life, has been pardoned by the governor..... At Scranton, Pa., men employed in the blast furnaces and machine shops of the Lackawanna Iron and Coal Company resumed work, and threats were thereupon made by the other employees, who were out on strike, that those who had gone to work would be removed by force. At eleven A. M. a crowd numbering several thousand persons marched to the machine shops of the company, burst open the doors and drove the men from their work. They then proceeded to the engine room and assaulted and severely injured the engineer. A machinist who tried to escape through a window was attacked with stones and pieces of iron and left for dead on the threshold of his home. The crowd then rushed to the company's office, where they met Mayor McKune, who entreated them to desist. He was immediately set upon and felled to the ground, and would have been killed had not the Rev. J. W. Dunn, a Catholic priest, interceded. The mayor and the clergyman were both injured and sought safety in flight. Hearing of the mayor's danger, a company of about thirty peaceful policemen, armed with rifles, hurried to his assistance and halted at the corner of Lackawanna and Wyoming avenues, where an immense throng had assembled. Persons in the crowd began throwing stones and jeering the company. A signal of the mayor, motioning the crowd away, was interpreted by the police as an order to fire, and two volleys were poured into the dense throng. The people fled precipitately, and when the smoke of the rifles had cleared away a terrible sight was disclosed. Charles Dunleavy lay at the corner of the street with the top of his head blown off. In the middle of the street was Patrick Langan with his bowels protruding, while Patrick Lane was terribly mutilated, and died in a few minutes. Charles Phipps, who was terribly injured, and two members of the Citizens' Committee were shot, but not fatally. Many others were injured, but were instantly removed by friends. At Wilkesbarre, Pa., a crowd of seven thousand persons attacked a mail train that was about to leave the Lehigh Valley depot. The engineer was stoned and forced off the train, and the conductor would have been killed but for the interference of friends. The strikers then took possession of the engine and ran it up and down the track, blowing the whistle and cheering. Many passengers were detained in the place.

At an election riot at Grimsby, England, a mob of six thousand persons attacked a hotel at which a newly-elected member of Parliament was staying and tried to burn it down. On the day after the riot and loss of life in Scranton, Pa., 2,500 soldiers arrived in the town, and quiet prevailed. The railroad track about twenty miles from Scranton had been torn up. A company of military sent out on the train body captured about sixty men and boys engaged in destroying the track and compelled them to replace the rails, after which they were brought to Scranton and then sent on to Wilkesbarre for trial. At Shenandoah, Pa., several thousand miners struck for higher wages, and the strike had become general throughout the mining regions of Pennsylvania..... In New York Jay Gould, the well-known stock operator, was assaulted and thrown down an area by A. A. Solover, a speculator. Financial matters between the two are supposed to have caused the row. Gould was not hurt much..... William Campbell was killed and two other men were wounded during a shooting affray at Ogallala, Nebraska..... The New York board of police have authorized policemen to arrest without warrant all liquor dealers who do not comply with the laws regulating their traffic, and this order has caused a great commotion among liquor sellers, as it will have the effect of closing up a great many places engaged in the business.

Seven victims of the Custer Indian massacre—whose bodies were recently removed from the battle ground—were buried at Fort Leavenworth, Kansas. Gen. Custer's remains will be reinterred at West Point in October, with appropriate ceremonies..... A coroner's inquest in Baltimore exonerated the militia from any responsibility in the recent labor riot, by which a number of persons lost their lives..... It is said that $66,000,000 of surplus greenbacks are on deposit at the treasury for which there is no demand..... The proprietors of the San Francisco *Chronicle* having made application to the authorities at Washington for copies of letters of recommendation for office, written by Senator Sargent, of California, to be used as evidence in an approaching trial for alleged libel against the senator, the attorney-general decided that recommendations for office are not matters of record and cannot be inspected, nor can copies be furnished..... J. F. Murphy, recently arrived from California, after losing $300 in a large gambling house in New York, shot himself through the head while still in the place..... At Pittsburgh, Pa., seven men were at work on a scaffold, lining a furnace, when the rope supports caught fire and the scaffold fell, dropping the men into the furnace. Julius Harding and Michael Cusick were so badly burned that the other five were fatally burned..... A cigar box factory in Cincinnati took fire in the cellar, spreading rapidly to the roof and preventing the escape of the employees, many of whom were females. Four girls and one man were burned to death and seven girls and one man was fatally injured. The charred remains of the dead were found in the ruins of the fire, burned beyond recognition..... The fifty-fourth call for the redemption of five-twenty bonds, to the amount of $10,000,000, has been issued by the secretary of the treasury..... A great many liquor saloons in New York are taking out licenses for inns, in order to meet the requirements of the liquor law, which is to be rigidly enforced.

George Canning, aged seventy-seven—a prominent citizen of Hamptonburgh, N. Y.—was found dead in his carriage..... The corporation counsel of New York interpreted a recent decision of the court of appeals to mean that the laws of 1857 made it a misdemeanor for anybody except an innkeeper, duly licensed, to sell liquors in quantities of less than one gallon, while all were prohibited from selling on Sunday, and accordingly a raid by the police was made upon the small liquor dealers of the city and a large number of them were arrested. The Society for the Prevention of Crime in New York reports the existence of 7,874 dram shops, of which only 2,177 are licensed, and it proposes to compel all who are engaged in the sale of liquor either to take out licenses or quit the business..... John Conkling, an aged gentleman of Fairfield, Conn., was shot and killed by George Allen during a quarrel..... The exportations on the industrial farm near Simcoe, Ont., was discovered to be on fire at eleven o'clock at night, and as the building was of wood it was quickly reduced to ashes. Notwithstanding the desperate exertions of the fire-persons who arrived on the scene, seventeen of the inmates met a horrible fate by being burned to death..... In Clearfield county, Pa., a twelve-year-old girl named Stone shot and instantly killed a boy of ten named Woodcock-stuff because he refused to give her a drink of water from a pail which he was carrying..... The schooner Samuel W. Meldin, of Noank, Conn., was sunk on Long Island sound during rough weather. The crew were picked up by a passing vessel.

Saint Boniface Hospital, in St. Louis, was destroyed by fire, involving a loss of $40,000, on which there is an insurance of $17,000. All the patients were safely removed..... Mrs. Holmes, a young widow, was waylaid by a rejected lover named Clark, as she was entering her home in New York, and was struck over the head several times with a hatchet, receiving serious and probably fatal wounds..... A boy named Martin Lorenz, four years old, was bitten by a dog in New York and ten weeks after he went into convulsions at the sight of water, grew rapidly worse and at last died in agony. The physician in attendance said it was a case of genuine hydrophobia..... At an election for members of the legislature in Kentucky a large majority of the candidates elected were Democrats. In Louisville the workmen elected five or six out of their seven candidates over the regular Democratic nominees..... The centennial of the revolutionary battle of Oriskany was celebrated by fifty thousand people at Utica, N. Y. There was a procession of military and civic organizations a mile and a half long, and addresses were delivered by ex-Gov. Horatio Seymour, Hon. Ellis H. Roberts—who delivered the historical address of the occasion—and others..... A fire at Murfreesboro, N. C., destroyed the main building of the Wesleyan Female College. Loss, $75,000; insurance, $30,000..... Northeastern Wisconsin was the scene of destructive forest and prairie fires, which mowed down everything in their path and caused an immense loss of houses and cattle. A number of persons were burned to death and villages and farms were blotted out of existence, leaving only smoldering ruins and blackened fields where once had stood industrious hamlets and towering forests..... Advices from Mexico state that President Diaz is making strenuous exertions to establish himself in the good opinion of foreign powers, especially the United States.

CASUALTY BY LIGHTNING.—The Salem (N. J.) *Standard* states that recently Mr. Henry White, a well-known resident of lower Penn's Neck, was killed by lightning as he stood in his own doorway. He went to the door to look at the clouds, and as he looked out he placed his hand upon the water conductor, and was instantaneously struck by the electric fluid, which, it is supposed, was at that moment passing down the spout.

JENNY LIND AT FIFTY-SIX.

A New Bird in the Famous Nightingale's Nest.

A French journal prints a curious and interesting letter from Jenny Lind, the Swedish nightingale, now fifty-six years of age, written by her at Dresden, where she now lives, to a friend in Paris:

"I want to speak to you of my baby. Well, I must tell you that God has given my dear husband and myself an adorable little girl, born on the thirty-first of March last. She is the perfect image of health and happiness. She laughs and crows in a way to delight all sympathetic hearts. We have given her a little Katharine among her other names, but we call her Jenny, I need not say in honor of whom. Our boy Walter will be four years old the ninth of August next. He is an intelligent child—very intelligent—very religious, and when he has been naughty it is touching to see the way he prays God to make him good again—poor little chicken. He adores me, obeys me, and I understand the child completely, for he is exactly like myself in nature—very impressionable, active, gay, high-tempered, affectionate, shy, good-natured, quick to learn, remembering all that he learns, preferring to the finest toys a horrible old doll, because it is one with which he has longest played, caring nothing about dress, but preferring to be loved rather than admired. Is he musical? Not the least in the world. That is my great despair. But he is religious, and I think he will be a Christian. As to the baby I cannot say as much. The little creature eats, drinks, laughs, mumbles over her shoes, and I have nothing to say against her character. My husband is now in England looking out for a residence, for we intend, on account of the children, to settle in that country.

"Yours affectionately,

"JENNY LIND."

Dream of a night editor: "The Turks got the Fort Wayne rioters into the round house at Rustchuk, and opened fire on them with the Ninth regiment Gatling gun. Re-enforcements of Russians came down on hand-cars from the mines, and at the last accounts the czar was locked up in a Baltimore station house."

The Rebellion of the Stomach.

The stomach obstinately rebels against all efforts to make it digest superabundant or indigestible food. When a fit of dyspepsia has been brought on by overindulgence in the pleasures of the table, or any other cause, the invalid can obtain from Hostetter's Stomach Bitters prompter and more complete relief than from any other source. This admirable specific not only renders digestion active, but regulates the secretion and distribution of the bile, re-establishes a regular habit of body when costiveness exists, restores the appetite, soothes and invigorates the nerves, and, if taken before retiring, facilitates sleep. Under these happy conditions, the dyspeptic or bilious subject regains lost flesh, his spirits recover their elasticity, and all the various and harassing bodily and mental symptoms of chronic indigestion disappear.

The proprietors of Hatch's Universal Cough Syrup gave me the virtual formula of this medicine. Knowing from this that it must be of value, I recommended it to my customers. An experience with it of six years has shown me that it has no superior. I have sold by far more bottles during that six years than of any similar preparation. I consider it safe in all cases. W. H. SCOTT, M. D., Friendship, N. Y.

Physicians of high standing unhesitatingly give their indorsement to the use of the Graefenberg-Marshall's Catholicon for all female complaints. The weak and debilitated find wonderful relief from a constant use of this valuable remedy. Sold by all druggists. $1.50 per bottle. Send for almanacs, Grafenburg Co., New York.

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The Markets.

NEW YORK.

Beef Cattle—Native	10¾@	11¾